

VOICES

From A

BUSY LIFE

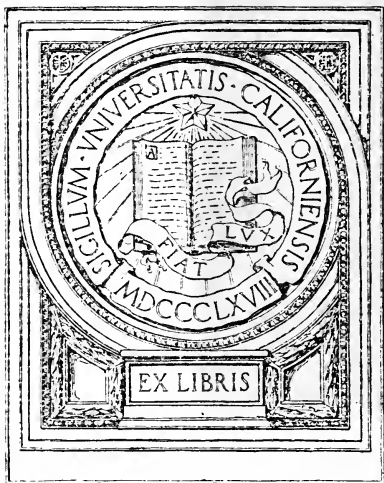
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and

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VOICES FROM A BUSY LIFE

OR

* SELECTIONS FROM THE POETICAL WORKS

OF THE LATE

EDWARD A. WASHBURN, D.D.

NEW YORK

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY

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PREFACE.

"In everything ye are enriched by him : in all utterance."

Such is the Apostle's description of that faculty of our nature which gives outward expression to the Spiritual element within us. To the many friends who never knew this side of his nature, this little book will shew the rare power of poetical utterance which enriched the nature of the late Dr. Washburn.

WM. WILBERFORCE NEWTON.

AUGUST 23, 1883.

MOTTO FROM DANTE'S PARADISO.

“ Here are descried
Those who with modesty themselves confessed
Work of his goodness unto whom they owe
The high attainments that have made them blest.
Whence through enlightening grace, from Heaven
obtained,
And their own merit, *they raised their sight so high,*
A will complete and steadfast they have gained.”

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THORWALDSEN'S CHRIST.

THOUGHTFUL stands the gray-haired
sculptor,

Silent as the silent stone,
From the chaos of the marble
To the living Godhead grown ;
But a gloom is on his forehead,
Pales the fire within his glance,
Till at last the brooding sorrow
Breaks in sad, high utterance.

Holy Art ! thy dreams of beauty
Carved my cunning hand before ;
Still above the earth-born image
Bodiless my thoughts would soar ;
Still the pure, unfound Ideal
Would ensoul a fairer mould :
In this faultless work I perish,
And Thorwaldsen now is old !

THORWALDSEN'S CHRIST.

Noble artist ! thine the yearning,
Thine the great, creative word,
By the wakeful mind forever
In its nightly watches heard.
For the earthly it is pleasure
Only earthly end to gain ;
For the seeker of the Perfect
To be satisfied is pain.

Visions of the unseen glory
Milton saw in his eclipse,
Paradise to outward gazers
Lost with no apocalypse :
Holier Christs and veiled Madonnas
Painted were on Raphael's soul ;
Melodies he could not utter
O'er Beethoven's ear would roll.

Ever climbs the high Ideal
Rosy peaked above our eyes ;
Ever near the Happy Islands,
Shoreless the horizon flies.
Not the brimming cups of wisdom
May the thirsty spirit slake,
And the molten gold in pouring
Will the mould in pieces break.

THORWALDSEN'S CHRIST.

Voice within our inmost being
 Calling deep to answering deep !
Smiting like the morning sunbeam
 On the leaden lids of sleep !
All our joy is in our Future,
 And our march our only rest :
Still the True reveals the Truer,
 Still the Good foretells the Best.

January, 1850.

THE LOST THOUGHT

IN the soul's morning, when it stood wide
 open
As heaven gate, whence airs breathed dewy
 laden
From rosy buds, and fancies, half-fledged an-
 gels,
 Around it played ;

Came there a Thought, still floating as the
 twilight,
Folding its gracious wing around me, bearing
The mind a happy captive in its fetters
 Of soaring joy.

In that strange dream faded the world of
 shadows ;
And as the seer, caught in unbodied vision,
Heard I a music the heart's lips can never
 Whisper aloud.

THE LOST THOUGHT.

What was my Thought? alas! I know no
longer;

Only a trackless wonder, come, unstaying;
Only on memory's shifting sand a foot-print
Washed by the wave.

Only I beckon back a gliding spectre;
Only I hear in the still, windless night-time
The eternal murmur of a billow, plashing
On far-off shores.

Return'st thou not, O Thought! O long-lost
treasure!
Thou shalt return, when from this sleep-existence

We waken, when the sea of Memory
Gives up its dead.

January, 1849.

REQUIEM.

LIGHTLY fall ; fall thou ah ! lightly
Over the maiden, kind earth !
Never a burthen hath pressed
On the white, joy-loving breast,
Fresh with the dew of its birth.

Vex not her sweet sprite with sighing ;
Why for the happy one weep ?
Staining with envious eyes
The pillow of green, where she lies
Smiling in innocent sleep.

Bloom, ye first buds of the springtide,
Over the new-scented bed ;
Faery cups, wet from the snow,
Violets, nestle ye low,
Close to the slumbering head.

There from his flowery chalice
Sips still the wild honey-bee ;
There the red oriole sings,
Shaking the drops from his wings,
Piping his matins of glee.

REQUIEM.

There in soft dream of the morning
Leans she with half open ear ;
Ripples of sunshine she quaffs,
Lists when the meadow-brook laughs,
Creeping thro' cool mosses near.

Blossom and song of the woodland,
These were the faery child's breath ;
She is a song ever staying,
She a spring bud undecaying ;
Thou canst not change her, O death !

September, 1847.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

THE Old Year's hour is come. In silence
 kneeling

I drink its faint, low breath ;
As the fond Roman caught the spirit stealing
 In the last kiss of death.

O, sister ! latest born of our dear mother,
 Bud that half opened hung
Fresh with the morning dews, forgive a brother,
 Whose love would keep thee young.

I see thee woman, yet I strangely linger
 'Midst those green, roseate days,
And fain would stay with a regretful finger
 The blooms that seem decays.

Yet ah ! we may not thwart with weak endeavour
 The happy law that binds
With life's swift change the beauty ripened
 ever
In flower or blossoming minds.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

O, sister mine ! I cull from caskets olden
Of weird, sweet histories,
A tale, wherein as in a setting golden
The pearl of wisdom lies.

In the long twilight of the dreaming ages,
Where childlike fancy strayed,
A fount of youth—so was the lore of sages—
In some lone earth-nook played.

Whoe'er those faery waters should discover,
Bathing wan face and limb,
A lean, dry grey-beard, a sad limping lover,
New life-blood danced in him.

When the New World burst on old Europe's
vision,
A boundless dreamland rare,
That fount of youth, that hidden well Elysian
They deemed was bubbling there.

To that sweet shore, whose flowery wilder-
nesses
Bloom in its gleeful name,
Where summer stays the year with fond caresses,
A band of pilgrims came.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

Alas ! in dank savannas, poison-laden,
Full many a seeker lay ;
From weary quest to many a woful maiden
Came back a gallant grey.

Yet, sister mine ! that legend was no dreaming ;
Doubt not 'tis wisest sooth !
Though in no spot of earth, yet ever streaming
Is that lost well of youth.

Not in the infant smile, the brow unshaded,
The play of dimpled cheek,
But in a deeper life there dwells unfaded
The childhood that we seek.

The soul that wears a freshness all unwasting,
The heart as warm and free
As April buds, not earth's mad revels tasting
To bring satiety.

The life that garners, in a world of folly,
The beautiful and pure,
This, maiden best beloved ! the childhood holy,
Whose spring-time shall endure.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

In those baptismal waters Christ hath sprinkled,
Forever bathe thy heart,
And He shall keep thee spotless and unwrinkled,
As now a child thou art.

Each thought of joy, each guileless recollection
Shall linger ever near ;
And golden cups of hope and bright affection
Bloom by that fountain clear.

Still come thy early days, young birds returning,
Tho' wanderers from the nest,
Still homeward look with instinct of glad yearning
Toward the mother breast.

O, sister ! may the children's angels, waiting
Before the Father's throne,
Watch over thee, new, happier years creating,
When the dear Past is flown.

NEW YEAR'S EVE,
December 31, 1849.

TWILIGHT ON THE RIVER.

SEE soft-footed twilight creep
Into the bosom of the stream :
Breathless the broad shadows sleep ;
Yonder oaks, in voiceless dream,
Bend as with a fond amaze,
While another self they see,
Silvery leaf and branching tree,
Nodding to their nodding gaze :
Only o'er them broods the change
Of a slumberous beauty strange.

Silently the wondrous Past
Over the shapes of faded life
Doth his twilight shadows cast ;
All its wind-tossed boughs of strife
Clear reflected here again,
Real as in days gone by,
But in softened hues they lie ;
Painless images of pain ;
Steeped by that unearthly charm
In a trance of holy calm.

TWILIGHT ON THE RIVER.

O sweet world of memories !
Gleaming in the peaceful heart ;
Passing time the shadow is,
Thou our real being art !
Loves and joys, tho' seen no more,
As the sea nymphs in their cave
In still deeps beneath the wave
Builded on the ocean floor,
An unwrinkled, ageless race
Have their silent dwelling-place.

PARKER RIVER, NEWBURYPORT.

October, 1850.

THE MINNOW.

HAIL to thee, brave voyager !
Sea King of this stormless meer ;
Pigmy, madcap water sprite,
Shooting left and shooting right
As an arrow of the sun ;
Brimful of thy gushing fun ;
Minnow gay, thou art to me
A fresh thought, a laugh of glee,
Sleepless, limber, frolic thing !
All thy life a gambolling,
All thy rest an endless motion
In thy small Pacific Ocean.

Say, thou tiny fish, hast known
Of a world beyond thine own ?
Haply legend dim and hoar
May have reached thine inland shore,
Of the monster ships that sail
Broad winged in the howling gale ;

THE MINNOW.

Where the huge Leviathan,
Kaiser of the tumbling main,
Rides amidst his scaly court ;
Where the merry sea gods sport ;
And in trail of doomed bark
Cruiseth keen the pirate shark.

But, sweet minnow, what are these
Save fond, silly fantasies ?
Naught for thee hath breath or being,
That transcends thy orb of seeing ;
All the unknown and the far
Uncreated nothings are :
Naught to thee doth lie beyond
The horizon of thy pond ;
'Tis thy vast *οικουμένη*,
Bounded by the dark world sea ;
For no deeper lore thou carest,
Backward, forward ever farest,
Save perchance some hardy band
Sail for rumoured new-found land,
Or a thrice-adventurous Cook
Circumnavigate the brook.
Never danger, never din,
Save when boy with crooked pin

THE MINNOW.

Some young Izaak, all untried,
Angles by the water side.
Naught thou deem'st, unlearned elf,
Bigger than thy simple self ;
Thou the centre, thou the heart
Of the circling system art ;
Life for thee has riddles none ;
All is daylight and broad sun ;
Yesterday nor unborn morrow
Brings a care nor leaves a sorrow ;
Haunted thou by no ideal ;
Dweldest only in the real,
All untinged with hope or fear ;
Happiest in thy corner thou !
Thine Eternity is now,
And thy universe is here.

Laughing sage within the brook !
Better from thee than a book
I the hints of wisdom gain ;
Many a thought for larger brain,
Many a truth within whose span
Floats the minnow mind of man,
That shall make thy silent stream
More musical than Academe.

February, 1844.

THE CID AND THE LEPER.

DAWN o'er castled hill-top glances ;
Rides Rodrigo of Bivar,
'Midst the gleam of twenty lances,
Flashing as the morning star :
To the shrine of Compostella
Rides, our Lady's grace to gain ;
Gentlest heart 'neath stoutest corslet,
Soul of chivalry and Spain !

See ! a lothely leper lying
Whelmed within the miry road :
'Help, good Christian men, the dying ;
Help me for the love of God !'
Spur the knights with idle jeering,
But Rodrigo stoopeth low ;
And the hapless beggar nearing,
Lifts him to his saddle bow.

At the hostel board he seats him,
Crowned with meats and amber wine ;
And with kindest welcome greets him ;
'Taste, my brother, all is thine !'

THE CID AND THE LEPER.

Chafing like an angry billow,
From the hall each lordling fares ;
But Rodrigo spreads the pillow,
And the beggar's bed he shares.

Sleep thou like a child, pure-hearted !
But in holy dead of night,
Blew a piercing wind ; he started !
Lo ! he saw a form in white !
Lifts it o'er him hands caressing,
Bends a face with winsome smile ;
'Take thou saintly Lazarus' blessing ;
I am he, yon leper vile.

'When this wind blows on thy shoulder,
Strike, for God shall wield thine arm !
Bold Tizona's blade, but bolder
Edged by me with saintly charm.
Thine, O Cid, the battle holy,
Thine the Christian palm and song ;
For the gentle heart and lowly
Is the comrade of the strong !'

February, 1854.

PYGMALION.

ALL day the enamoured sea claspeth the shore
With cestus of bright waves ; the frolic
winds

Toy with the half shut lilies, or they creep
Thro' haunts of broken gloom, where myrtles
drop

Green twilight at hot noon, white altars gleam,
The musk rose swings its censer, and the doves
Coo to each other, till the drowsy sun
Kisses the forehead of yon blushing hill.

Then blooms the star of Love ; by silver beach
Dances the chariot of the gracious queen,
Swan yoked, with wreaths of merry, laughing
maids,

Flecks on the purple tide : and through the
groves

Jet fountains of high song, and winged feet
Flash o'er the pansied floor.

But far within,
A forest nook there lies, beneath the brow

PYGMALION.

Of great Olympus nestled. Noisier sound
Scares not the slumbering woodland, than the
 laugh

Of Lycus, babbling o'er his pebbled bed
To the lush grasses. There in sleepless grief
Sits young Pygmalion, glory of the art
That can ensoul the marble : by his side
Chisel and ivory hammer, careless flung
Amidst the ashes. Lit the flickering lamp
The midnight of his face, as th' altar fire
Glares on the bleeding victim, while the priest
Uprears his gilded axe. But there above,
From yonder pedestal one dazzling beam
Clove as a faulchion thro' the scattered dark ;
A marble grace, it stood as if a god
Envious of eating age, that beauty stayed
In its full opened flower. From fringed shores
Looked the still lake of her deep eyes, and fell
The spray of her light tresses ; rose the breast,
As winds lift softly a round wave that sinks
To happy sleep again. Upon her brow
Sate Guilelessness, knowing no blush of shame,
Covering with awful robe of the white thought
That unclothed wonder, as the queen of love
Crowned upon Ida, yet as Pallas girt

PYGMALION.

With armour of an unveiled chastity.
But voiceless as the stone Pygmalion lay ;
And if a moment o'er his haggard cheek
Stole a quick glance, anon it died away,
Moaning along dry lips, and raged within
The torrent of his grief, until it brake
In a wild wail of speech.

O empty close !

Sad outcome of my toils ! for in this soul
A dream of beauty, an unearthly shape
Fadeless has dwelt, and thro' the stainless
years,

Scorning all low-born love, winged by chaste
hope,

Mother of skill, still on the virgin stone
Gladsome I wrought, for still by day and night
From the rough block looked an immortal eye.
And not in vain. Behold the perfect thought,
Behold the unseen beauty, worshipped long
In my heart's holy caves. But Art, alas !
What see I, clasp I in these arms but stone ?
Not life, not love, but only cold, dull stone ;
Nor smiles the eye, nor blushes the red wave
Through the white veins, nor answer the dumb
lips

PYGMALION.

My burning prayer. O fool ! Pygmalion, fool !
Poor worshipper of marble, to forego
All nearer joy, cheating thy youth with dreams,
To sink an unblessed phantom at the last
Into this stony tomb. Speak, cold, dear mouth !
Send from thy icy lids one beam ! In vain,
Yet may the gods have pity. Hear, O queen,
Smile on thy Cyprus, bend to my great wo !
By my pure hopes, my toils, my sinless love,
Breathe on this stone, or let Pygmalion die,
For this his triumph is his crown of grief,
And death of life.

He spake, and wildly now,
With a last sigh, as when the gasping wind
Pours his full voice and falls, he clasped again
That lifeless form, when lo ! he started back
Shivering with fearful joy : for in his arms
Thrilled the cold stone, and a warm throbbing
pulse
Shot through his own ; now heaved the virgin
breast,
And drooped the head as in a new-born dread
Within the trembling hands ; the crimson
stream
Darted at one quick bound from the pale brow

PYGMALION.

To the blue veinlets of the tiny feet,
As in the north upleaps the wizard light
In flashing arrows, then a climbing flame
Bathes in one swelling flood the joyless skies.
Dumb stood Pygmalion there, dumb marble

now

Before the living stone ; a fresh-made shame
Bloomed on his forehead, and those eager eyes,
Feasting so late on a chill pleasure, dared
Snatch only stealthy looks, then turned away
Hiding themselves in depths of his great bliss.
And through the night rippled a brook-like
voice :

“Take thou, O worshipper, thy guerdon true ;
To him who loves chaste Beauty, do the gods
Grant Beauty, Love and Life.” The whisper
ebbed,

And as a sunbeam from the pillar sank
That living marble into living arms.

O sculptor of sweet Cyprus ! fadeless type
Of the creative soul, thy legend strange
Whispers to-day as the Dodona leaves
Loosed by a wind divine from speaking boughs.
For our fresh budding youth is still a dream

PYGMALION.

Of the unseen, unearthly Good we carve
In the white marble of our thought ; but now
Faultless it stands before our longing eyes,
We clasp it, and alas ! 'tis cold, hard stone.
O riddle of all earnest souls ! O life
Seeking the True, the Good, the Beautiful,
And finding only falsehood, wanton love,
And mocking hope : so cometh weariness
Of the first visions, till the sickened heart
Sinks in despair, or plunges with the herd
Into the pools of earth. This is the curse
Of time ; a restless, tossing wave
Whereon we sail, as the tired seaman sees
A sunny glint far o'er the purple waste,
A phantom shore, and straight his fancy builds
The long-sought wonder of the Happy Isles,
Already smells the musky gums and treads
O'er the enamelled mead, but nearer now
The golden bank melts in a cruel cloud,
Above the endless heaven, and all around
The endless sea.

Yet dream thou on, brave heart !
Thy dream is truth. Let the low-thoughted
world
Call these but idle phantoms. Hath the spring

PYGMALION.

For naught her dreams? within her rathe,
pale bud

There lies the golden summer. Tho' the child
Become the man, tho' the young callow brood
Of fancy change, yet never the pure mind
Loses its holy vision. Give me, then,
Thy soul, O sculptor, thine unfainting will !
O deathless youth, with all thy heaven of stars,
Unquenched, thro' the deep shaft of memory
seen

At noonday ; all thy rainbow hues of hope
Arching the fresh, green earth : ye glens, and
flowers,

And song of the first bluebirds, prattling sweet
The child's own thought, to me, to me return !
Make me again a glad, immortal child !
Breathe still the early faith, and 'neath the ice
Of doubt or care let the warm hidden springs
Keep summer at the heart : give me again
The dreams from out the ivory gate, again
The happy, holy dreams, that are not sleep,
But life's true waking. The Eternal Good
Waits on the pure : and still the vision pure
The high mind shapes shall to full beauty
grow,

And the white marble to a living soul.

LEAVES.

A MIDST the wild, bare mountains,
Groweth the sacred tree,
Upon whose leaves are written
The words of mystery.

From topmost twig are hanging
The broad, green tongues divine ;
On the young shoot thou spellest
The faintly graven line.

I bring the mystic leaflets,
In dewy freshness now,
Close by love's hallowed temple,
Plucked from the wondrous bough.

Each hath the magic letters,
And meaning manifold
From the soft, trembling touches
To the last writing bold.

O priestess ! thoughtful priestess !
Ask thou of Buddha wise,
Of past, to come, and present,
What truth within them lies.

October, 1852.

THE VISION OF YOUTH.

O VISION of strange beauty, hovering o'er
The charmed eyes of the soul, whom I
adore

With fixed and passionate gazing evermore.

Thou floatest still across my floating dream,
As o'er the wind-tossed grain a waving gleam
Doth now a shadow, now a sunshine seem.

From childhood's dawn, a wondrous presence
thou

Camest unsought, unknown, in manhood now
I gaze on the same form, the holy brow.

Fair art thou, clearly seen as earthly face,
Yet an embodied light, a lustrous grace,
Whose features I behold, but can not trace.

I look upon thee in a silent trance ;
And on the river of my spirit dance
The golden ripples of thy smiling glance.

THE VISION OF YOUTH.

Thou seem'st as one, within whose image
dwell

Dear, life-long memories, I know full well ;
Yet can I not unfold thy magic spell.

Sometime, a lone Chaldean, from afar
I watch thee on thy throne, a distant star ;
Then thy near rays within me gliding are.

In joy's full noontide, at the happy hour,
When the whole heart lies open to love's
power,
As lies beneath the sun the open flower,

Then comest thou ! and my glad soul in quest
Of thy fresh dawning goes ; upon thy breast
Lean I mine own, and feel that I am blest.

In the dark season of my mournful mood,
When sweeps with grisly wings a spectre brood,
Making a midnight of my solitude ;

Then comest thou ! I see in thy soft eyes
A glistening tear, and in thy stealing sighs
A whispered voice of consolation lies.

THE VISION OF YOUTH.

As drops upon the grass the soothing rain,
Its still, sweet music, so upon my pain
Drops thy dear presence, and I breathe again.

Art thou of earth or heaven? O love divine,
Only I kneel in faith before thy shrine,
Only I know in soul that thou art mine.

Yet ever and anon I hear a tone :—
“O restless heart ! thou shalt not be alone,
But thy youth’s vision soon shall be thine
own.”

January, 1841.

THE AURORA.

REMEMBEREST thou, sweet love, that
dream of wonder

We saw, lone watching on the starlit ocean,
A Northern morning walking on the bosom
Of the soft eventide ?

Low hung the moon, her bashful brow yet
fairer

Thro' thin, transfigured cloud ; a silvery shore-
line,

Strange towers 'mid groves of palm, and
vapoury hill-tops;

Sate on the desert sea.

Now shot from silent deeps a weird light, play-
ing

As smile o'er parted lips, with winsome dim-
pling

Round the warm cheek, then madly leaped
and kindled

The high, o'erarching blue.

THE AURORA.

Then throbbed that mighty breast with arrowy
 pulses,
Bathed the pale forehead in its flood of crim-
 son,
And thro' its blushes glowed the Virgin
 Pleiads,
 As eyes of dancing glee.

Mingled were sea and heaven, a twin ocean ;
Above, the surging, billowy light ; below it,
A wave of flame, rushing and melting ever
 Into one fond embrace.

O ! happy vision, gleaming still upon me !
The image of my love, in thought's pale night-
 time
Struggling to life, in faint and quivering
 flashes
 From the heart's hidden deeps.

Then brake its rosy fulness o'er my heaven,
And thro' the cloud the holy stars looked
 smiling,
And met our kindred souls, a mingling tor-
 rent
 Of light and billowy joy.

THE AURORA.

O ! morn new risen on night ! and shalt thou
vanish

From our young life ? only as that dear vision,
Shall passion's flush die in the fuller noontide
Of Love's undying peace.

November, 1851.

LOVE THOU.

THE HEART'S ANSWER TO "LOVE NOT.'

LOVE thou ! love thou ! for born to love
thou art :

Its mystic ties entwine this life of ours ;
And opens to its smiles the yearning heart,
As bends towards the light the darkened
flowers.

Love thou ! love thou ! tho' in the mournful
tomb

The frail, decaying forms of joy may lie ;
Yet love eternal is ; the nobler bloom
Of its fresh spring-time wakens not to die.

Love thou ! love thou ! tho' poured the lavish
tide

O'er barren sands, thro' doubt, thro' falsehood
hood cling :
Sad, sad the spirit in its fountain dried,
But holier, purer grows from suffering.

LOVE THOU.

Love thou ! love thou ! O voices sweet that
roll,

An angel music trembling on the breeze
From distant shores, ye whisper to the soul,
Its perfect peace, its endless melodies.

November, 1851.

SILENT LOVE.

TELL me, what yon bright bird dreameth
As he sits, with folded wing,
And forgets awhile to sing?
Blessed mood of joy ! meseemeth,
Wooed by him sweet Silence is
To unfold her harmonies.

Know you, what the fond flower telleth
To the dew-drop on her breast?
She that in her nook of rest
Ever meek and quiet dwelleth :
Ah ! her loving smiles express
All her silent happiness.

Know you, what the low wind sigheth
To the waters of the rill?
Hark ! in murmurs soft and still
Now the virgin stream replieth.
These shall teach me, dear, to woo :
Silence is my song to you.

November, 1851.

THE AIR-PLANT.

THERE grows a plant in the sunny dell,
Hanging with earthless roots and bare,
And drinks, a gay, bright miracle,
Its nectared life from out the air.

My heart a happy air-plant is,
And on love's balmy breath it feeds ;
Nor coarser soil, nor sweeter bliss
Its pure, unearthly being needs.

Thy wordless thoughts, thy soft, dear sighs,
Thy smiles, distilled in silent showers,
Quaffing in thirsty joy it lies,
And spreads its rich, fantastic flowers.

December, 1851.

SONG.

“LOVE IS BLIND.”

WHO speaks that slander old,
“Love’s eyes are dim”?—

A purblind babbler he !

Love laughs at him.

Keener than Jove’s own bird,

Who heavenward flies,

Mocking the shafts of noon,

Are Love’s bright eyes.

He sees the soul beneath

The shews of pride ;

Nor robe, nor jewelled wreath

The churl can hide :

He counts gay fashion’s face

But painted dust ;

He scorches with a glance

The leer of lust.

He scorns the huckster base

Who e’er has sold

SONG.

Fair woman's virgin grace
For earthly gold :
He dowries him with hate,
The marriage ring
He makes a molten death
To burn and cling.

He seeth beauty pure,
That lowly grows,
As o'er the cottage porch
The briar rose :
He sees the throbbing hopes,
Stirring the breast,
As new-born birds that chirp
In one soft nest.

More than the cold, shrewd brain,
Shrivelled in youth,
He chooseth childhood's mind
And heart of truth ;
More than the monarch's gem,
To him are dear
The blush of one fond cheek,
One pearly tear.

SONG.

Who speaks that slander old,

“Love’s eyes are dim”?

A purblind babbler he!

Love laughs at him.

July, 1852.

THE TRYSTING-TREE.

O MERRY is the woodland smile
With kiss of balmy May ;
With jocund breeze, and jocund bird
On every dancing spray :
But sweeter far thy pleasant song
Than all the wild birds' glee,
And greener are thy budding joys,
Thou happy trysting-tree !

We stood upon the lonely deck ;
Above the starry deep,
Around the calm, blue ocean lay
Rocked in a dreamy sleep :
The low winds murmured thro' the sail,
The mast hung o'er the sea :
And there beneath its shadows dark
We had our trysting-tree.

The low winds sang, the waters sighed ;
One voice alone I heard,
A music softer to my ear,
Of one, half-whispered word :

THE TRYSTING-TREE.

I pressed to mine thy throbbing heart,
I felt it beat with me ;
I knew thy love, O maiden dear,
Beneath the trysting-tree.

Ah ! blessed tree ! thou bloomest gay
With summer beauty now ;
With fullest leaf, and golden fruit
Upon the naked bough ;
And from the holy shade there steals
A soul-like melody,
As still we stand in joy beneath
The dear loved trysting-tree.

November, 1851.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

GUARDIAN Powers, that ever dwell
G Watchful of this sacred well,
Whose bright waters give again
Health to sickly heart and brain,
Hear a hapless maiden's grief ;
Grant, O grant, a swift relief,
With your potent spells restore
My true love to me once more.

Once he was the gravest sage ;
Ever from his earliest age
Might his visage be mistaken
For a Leibnitz or a Bacon ;
Learning dwelt within his looks,
Deep as his old parchment books ;
And his trivial conversation
Was a long and large oration ;
Never from his mouth would fall
Sentiment and poor romance ;
And for love, he scorned it all ;
Only studied us, weak creatures,
As gay butterflies or plants,
In our scientific features.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

But a change has o'er him passed
Since the eve of Friday last :
All day long entranced he walks ;
In his sleep most strangely talks ;
Now he laughs, and now he sings ;
Chatters the absurdest things ;
Reads no books, but spends his time
Weaving namby-pamby rhyme ;
Writes a sentimental sonnet
To my shoe-string or my bonnet ;
Sits and gazes in my eyes,
Now he smiles, and then he sighs ;
Kisses me till ne'er a skin
Lingers on my features thin :
Now, perhaps,—the jealous fool !—he
Asks me if I love him truly ;
Like a thunder-cloud he'll mutter,
Call me false, deceiving, heartless,
If to others I should utter
Word or smile with freedom artless ;
Then as suddenly he's jolly,
As this moment melancholy ;
Calls me darling, rosebud, lily,
And a hundred names as silly ;
Says the same fond things forever,
Tedious as he once was clever ;

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

In the coldest winter weather
Drags me with him hours together,
Gazing at the moon perhaps,
With most crazy rhapsodies,
While I yawn for loss of naps,
Or in speechless torment freeze.
Vain my crying or complaining ;
I've no patience now remaining ;
Every day he seems the more
Wild and frantic than before.

Well-a-day ! what damsel e'er
Had a harder grief to bear ?
Tell me, gracious spirits, tell,
Is his case incurable ?
Must I give him up ? Alack !
He might prove a maniac,
And he's dearest to his Fanny,
Even tho' a "wee uncanny."
Should I wed him ? marriage might
Set his addled senses right,
And a plain domestic diet
Make him rational and quiet.
Grant, O healing spirits, grant
Pity to your suppliant ;
With your cooling waves recover
My forlorn and foolish lover.

SONG.

FLY, winged dreams !
Hover, where the lonely maiden
On her couch of sorrow lies,
With your sweet love-philters laden,
Softly charm her sleepless eyes :
From the earth of heavy care,
Lifted on your purple wings,
To the world of beauty bear,
Of bright imaginings !

Fly, winged dreams !
Where the unseen morrow dances
Far upon the shadowy hills ;
Breath of flowers and silvery glances
Waft to her from distant rills ;
Flash upon her unveiled sight
Visions dimmed too long with tears,
Glimpses of the cloudless light,
Bliss of coming years !

SONG.

Fly, winged dreams !
Drop into her heart, as falleth
The dew-drop in the sleeping rose :
Whisper, as the spring-time calleth
To the daisy 'neath the snows ;
Bathe her in fresh waves of hope
From the touch of cankering pain ;
Then her smiling eyelids ope
To glad life again.
Fly, winged dreams !

April, 1852.

THE PORTRAIT.

"Ἀγε ζωγράφων ἄριστε.—ANACREON.

COME, best painter, draw, I pray thee,
Her I love, with lifesome art ;
I will give thee her sweet image
Pictured on my steadfast heart :

Paint a brow as sun-bright morning
Lights the pink of Alpine snow :
Paint a cheek as fresh-blown rosebud
With a blushing heart below ;
Paint a mouth, within whose dimples
Mirth and Love together play,
As the bees 'mid honeysuckles,
Singing thro' the gladsome day.

Next her eyes ;—thy soul, O painter,
Into the cunning pencil send :
Eyes where every changeful feeling
In a sweet confusion blend ;

THE PORTRAIT.

Let them twinkle now as starlight ;
Then as still, as clear, as deep,
As upon soft Como's bosom
Twilight shadows love to sleep.

Next, but why ? I see thy pencil
From the listless fingers fall !
Yes, 'tis true ! no face, no feature
Have I given thee, friend, at all :
Only the fair, inward image ;
But, good artist, this is she ;
Even this embodied beauty,
Thought and Joy and Purity.

Ah ! the wizard Love, dear painter,
His is skill outrunning thine ;
He the fairest earthly likeness
Changes into soul divine.
Put away thy needless pencil,
I have learned more lifesome art ;
Let me keep the picture gleaming
On the canvas of the heart.

July, 1852.

THE BANIAN.

COME dream awhile with me, sweet maid,
Under this giant banian's shade ;
Look how its stately branches bend,
Loving, childlike arms that cling,
The mother trunk engarlanding,
Springing, clasping without end,
And in a pillared temple blend,
A grey, cloistered solitude,
Barred from eye of envious day,
Save some tattling sunbeam stray
Through the leafy lattice peep ;
Ever pale green twilights brood,
Low winds whisper in their sleep ;
And we, hermits of the wood,
With the still birds have our nest,
Folding our wings in voiceless rest.

So, fond heart, our life shall be
This o'er-arching banian tree ;

THE BANIAN.

Every thought, each holy tie,
Dropping its lithe, quick root below,
Upward a new-born arm shall grow,
Until its branching infancy
Blossoms to a sacred grove,
A Dodona of green love,
Where the heart, a priestess, dwells,
And every leaf sings oracles.

There, within our cool retreat,
In life's noontide, dear, we'll lie,

Listening to the busy feet
Of the mad world hurrying by :

Thought profane, nor carking care
Ever vex that charmèd air.

Then, as the long twilight holy
Of our old age creepeth slowly,

We the soul of former years
Into our magic ring will call ;
Blessed memories, one and all ;

Loves that grew, baptised in tears,
Heart buds wet with healing dew ;
Pleasures, that as sunset hues
Thro' the kindling branches cast
Bars of gold along the past :

THE BANIAN.

Griefs, that bound our souls in one
More than all delights have done ;
Till our common life shall seem
Fairer than a poet's dream ;
And as this banian, ever spring
In fresh, green boughs o'ershadowing.

July, 1852.

VOICES OF THE SEA.

THOU ever-sounding sea !
What say thy billowy voices
To the young heart, that in its strength re
joices
Of faith and hope? We leap with footsteps
free,
Singing unchecked, exultingly
By rock-girt cape, or isles
Where deathless summer smiles,
From shore to passing shore,
Evermore—evermore.

O mighty, tossing breast !
What to the sad soul weary
Utters thy voice? We roam a desert dreary,
Champing th' eternal chain, nor may we rest
By golden islands of the Blest,
But round the icy pole
Again our waters roll,
With loud, complaining roar,
Evermore—evermore.

VOICES OF THE SEA.

What say'st, great Ocean, now,
When after long years lonely
The yearning soul finds rest? the storm-winds
 only
Can vex the changeful face ; but far below
Pure and untroubled waters flow ;
As God's heart calm and deep,
Lieth mine heart asleep ;
His peace soft broodeth o'er,
 Evermore—evermore.

Ah ! many-voiced main !
Thy mirth or moaning madness
Are but the spirit's own ; in grief and gladness
She hears her music floating back again ;
The hills, the varied woodland strain,
The heaven gay or pale,
The winds that laugh or wail,
The same heart's echo pour
 Evermore—evermore.

November, 1851.

THE DESERTED CONVENT.

THE stately cliff hangs gazing o'er the wave ,
The wave sings sadly to the pebbled
shore,
A sleepless ghost, who wanders by the grave,
Low moaning for the years that bloom no
more.

A gaunt, grey ruin bend the convent walls ;
The giant cactus clasps the tottering stone ;
With a wan smile the setting sunbeam falls
Across the moss-grown walk and cloister
lone.

No more are heard, as in the bygone days,
The ringing lauds, the aves of sweet prayer ;
But fitfully the gust of autumn plays,
And the shrill sea-bird smites the startled
air.

No more, awaked with chime of gladsome
morn
The white-robed priest before the altar
kneels ;

THE DESERTED CONVENT.

Nor vesper-bell, on quivering breezes borne,
As a soft blessing o'er the ocean steals.

Yet here, amidst these waste, unpeopled cells
Linger unseen pale Thought, and holy Dread ;
Still in her faded home Devotion dwells,
To lift a prayer for the forgotten dead.

Nor let harsh bigotry with angry eyes
This mouldering tomb of buried years invade ;
Or the meek heart of piety despise,
That whilome bloomed beneath the convent
shade.

Dim was the sun that thro' the cloister stole,
The glimmering twilight of a truth divine ;
Yet burned unquenched the taper of the soul,
A flame of love that lit the inner shrine.

Here foreheads, pale with midnight vigil long,
Bent o'er the scroll with Austin's wisdom
stored ;
And here the incense of sweet Ambrose' song
Was evermore from golden censers poured.

THE DESERTED CONVENT.

Here rested hearts, once crushed with heavy
years, .

Who chose the palm of toil for earthly ease ;
These walls were washed with balm of healing
tears,

And worn the stony floor with bleeding
knees.

Nor scorn, ye madly daring ones who climb

Upward to ice-clad, dizzy peaks of fame,
These lowly souls, tho' no far-soaring rhyme
Utter with trumpet peal their hidden name.

Not theirs the glistening gems that monarchs
wear,

The blood-flecked laurel, withering with the
strife ;

Enough for them the daily cross to bear
Along the rugged Golgotha of life.

Not theirs the pride that decked the lowly man

In robes of purple, and a mocking crown ;
That hurled the thunders of the Vatican,
And blasted Cæsars with one deadly frown.

Sweeter the song of yonder tinkling brook,

Than shouts the torrent in his headlong
path ;

THE DESERTED CONVENT.

Happier the daisy in her woodland nook,
Than giant oak, scarred by the lightning's
wrath.

Call not their little lot a sluggish dream,
If from the well-head in the sheltered glen,
Its bounty stole in many a winding stream
To bless green dales, and cottages of men.

Ah ! well Religion loves the cloister sweet,
And while she fares along the dusty way,
Seeks oft the mountain-top with noiseless feet,
Where with the Master she alone may pray.

Then let the heart of reverence steal around
Each spot where'er a saintly soul has trod ;
Be mine to kneel upon the hallowed ground,
And lay fresh roses on the mouldering sod.
MACAO, 1852.

EASTER ON MOUNT OLIVET.

A T morning twilight, when the dreaming soul
Gropes in the grey of dim and weird-like
thought,

A sweet voice whispered : "Lo ! the Christ
hath risen,

And walks among the Olives." In glad haste,
Still through still city, and adown the street
Of Sorrows, crept I to the gate, whose stones
Yet weep with Stephen's blood. The bearded
guard

Upturned a half-shut eye ; near broken tomb
Shivering, a Jewish leper slept. All slept ;
Only the wind moaned thro' the hollow gorge,
As of a prophet wailing in his grave,
And the leaf quivered on the gnarled bough,
Ghostlike beside dry Kedron. Up I clomb,
And with me clomb the mists, white-winged,
swift ;

Till, gazing from the brow, lo ! a wild sea,
They surged above the rock, above the wall
Of the lost city ; tomb and topmost tree,

EASTER ON MOUNT OLIVET.

Sank sudden, hoary mosque and battlement ;
And, as the sailor in the stormy trough
Sees earth nor heaven, but crested ocean peaks,
Swooping upon him, so stood I alone
With the drear hilltop and the swallowing mist.
When lo ! this music sang : " A little while,
And ye shall see me " ; then the shaping cloud
Seemed struggling to a smile, a deep, soft eye,
And brow thorn-crowned, and from each thorny
edge

Trickled a drop of light. " I am," it said,
" One who left heaven, when the Christ arose,
Wearing, so love I Him, the face He wore,
And in his holy foot-prints aye I walk,
Till that He come again ! Behold thou now
His coming messenger." Thorough the wall
Of cloud, a sword of fire, the sunbeam clove ;
It smote the hilltop, the grey olives burned
As the red bush of Moses, down the slopes
Joyous it leaped, till calm it stayed and bathed
In wondrous flood the lone Gethsemane.
Before me, as the landscape of a dream,
Rose up the gleaming mount, and thro' the
gorge

Out to the hollow waste the surly mist

EASTER ON MOUNT OLIVET.

Fled, as a baffled monster of the sea
Back to his caves.

In dumb, deep joy
I drank the vision, when, "Behold again!"
Heard I the bodiless voice. And lo! no more
The grey, old walls, storm riven, and barren
hills,
But in that mystic light a city of God,
Unspeakable, e'en by his golden lips
Who saw the Bride of Christ, and in his trance
Fell words as flashes from the crystal gates,
And sunlit ripples of the River of Life.
But mine how dumb! nor can I know or tell
The image of my joy:—a melody
Dim whispering to me now, as if I stood
Upon a lonely shore, and heard afar
Snatches of song still billowing on the breeze
Over a moonlit sea:—a towering pile,
That crumbles at the touch of after-thought,
As in the tropic sunset rise afar,
Fair golden palaces 'midst groves of palm,
Gleaming and gone:—arched court and pin-
nacle
Of a vast Temple, where yon Paynim mosque
Spurns Sion, and a dome dashing its waves

EASTER ON MOUNT OLIVET.

Of light o'er walls of light : about it walked
Forms wonderful ; one with craggy brow
Like Sinai, and a veil half lifted up ;
A kingly harper chaunting as he went ;
An eye from a dark mantle, gazing keen
Into the cloud-rift as a written scroll ;
A head, grief-whitened, but a crown it shone
Of silvery rays ; gently she leaned on him,
Who leaned on the Lord's bosom, and with
these

New, starry groups, as when the watcher sails
Toward the Southern Cross, in clusters rich
As love had blent their torches, and afar
Three vapoury piles, that are the golden dust
Of starry worlds.

Then in my waking dream,
Sang I this matin song. Shine, Easter Sun,
Risen in thy strength ! O City of my God !
Long tombed in mists of sorrow, from the
mount

Where oft those eyes have wept, those blessed
knees

Have knelt, thy morning breaks. O holy hill,
Beloved above all hills that climb to heaven,
Tho' loftier peaks look snow-clad on the vales

EASTER ON MOUNT OLIVET.

And greener slopes smile joyous, holy thou
With memories undying as His Love,
Still walking here ; thou, Kedron, who no more
Hearest the ripple of thy wave ; ye trees,
Gnarled with grey age, bending your loving
arms

Over the garden, ye shall wear the bloom
Of Easter morning on this mount of God.

JERUSALEM, 1853.

A BUNCH OF FUCUS NATANS, GATH-
ERED OFF THE AZORES.

POOR weed, that floatest by
A pilgrim o'er the desert of the wave ;
A lingering bloom, by nature's withered grave
Lifting thy smiling eye !

No gardens gave thee birth ;
Nor knewest thou the happy, woodland bowers,
Where sips the honey-bee, and sleep the flowers
In the green nests of earth.

Child of the ocean hoar !
Foam-born, thou drinkest at its mighty breast
With all thy hanging roots, and without rest
It rocks thee evermore.

With the ship-wafting breeze
Thou sail'st a mariner to Western isles,
By Afric's sands or where the swart sun smiles
On the gay Caribees.

A BUNCH OF FUCUS NATANS.

Poor weed ! thy presence tells
The mystery of Life ; the murmuring tide
Of Being, that thro' every channel wide
Of shoreless Nature swells.

In the mute sand it sleeps,
The peopled water-drop, in winds that bear
Germs to the lonely heath, in swarming air ;
In the vast caverned deeps,

Where joyous verdure curls
Round coral grotts, gleaming beneath the sea ;
In fields of light, where budding nebulae
Ripen to starry worlds.

And what are we, slight thing !
But kindred weeds, upon the tossing stream
Of human life, this vexed, half waking dream,
Forever wandering ?

November, 1851.

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF LATIMER'S SERMONS.

CHIEFTAINS of England's hero race ! whose
life

Wrestled for Christ, and in the burning flame
Walked unconsumed ! Still have we kept
your name ;

But where the spirit that shall edge our strife ?
Within our halls to-day your armour hangs,
The rusted pride of the old battle-field,
The empty helm, the sleeping spear and
shield ;

While ever and anon an echo clangs,
As if your stalwart hands the war-note pealed,
Then dies away, a hollow funeral wail.
Dwarfs of a little day ! that heavy mail,
That sword of God our lean arms cannot wield,
Only we view, awe-struck, the statue vast,
And giant thews of a forgotten Past.

January, 1850.

OXFORD TRACTS.

O MEDIÆVAL sexton, thou
Who would'st in decent grave-clothes
dress

The modern century, that now
Exults in savage nakedness :

Whether to choose, perplexing case !
The sans-culotte who shameless stands ;
Or mummy, with his yellow face,
Wrapt in a hundred swathing bands ?

Thou fool ! who thinkest truth is cant,
And piety is gown and stole ;
What the irreverent times most want,
Is not a surplice, but a soul.

THE SAGE OF THE POLLEN.

I N the fine pollen of a flower, that spread
Its petals gay o'er a potato-bed,
A wondrous insect had his dwelling.
Unknown to barbarous men his fame,
But world-embracing was his name,
If we their glorious insect records grant,
As the all-into-nothing crushing Kant,
Spinoza, Fichte, Hegel, Schelling.

Æons of animalcule ages,
So say their great cosmogonies, chronologies,
And paleo-entomologies,
Had passed since out of Chaos and old night
These mighty races sprang at first to light.
High bards and heaven-illumined sages
Had borne them onward till the earth
Saw now its ripe, consummate birth
In this divinest of the wise,
This prophet of the grand To-be,
In whom transcendent truth should rise,
Full-orbed upon the animalculæ.

THE SAGE OF THE POLLEN.

His early infancy the wonder saw
Hid in the acorn of his soul ; his babble
Was Orphic wisdom, of idea, law,
Of pollen-life, and primal flower-stalk ;
Far from the empty rabble
Of insect youths, his walk
Amidst all philosophic thoughts sublime ;
And now at last in wisdom's perfect prime,
Pupils as Plato's bees, glad hung
To sip the honey of his tongue.

“Listen”—he cried—“O animalculæ !
World-atoms of Infinity !
Listen, for I now rehearse
The riddle of the universe,
Caught by a few, unconscious seers,
Dimly thro' the elder years.
Ages long our God-born race
Hath swarmed this wondrous dwelling-place,
Yet have they grovelled for a season,
As if creatures of the dust,
Not heirs of the Eternal Reason :
Centuries of sloth and rust
Despotic priest and dogmatist
On childish Bible myth insist ;

THE SAGE OF THE POLLEN.

Nor science with its timorous oar
Hath sailed beyond the narrow shore,
Of mysteries ridiculous
Still prating, occult truth extolling
Above our reason ! mysteries to us !
The incarnate world-souls of the pollen !
Away with faded faiths, away !
Upon us beams the perfect day.
Hath not the insect vision trod
Thro' all nature, spirit, God ?
Hath not our science now unfurled
All the mighty pollen world,
Cycle with epicycle whirled ?
Our keen Laplaces and Lagranges
Mapped heaven in 'mecanique celeste'
Our gifted Darwins read the changes,
Since our race killed off the rest ?
Now waits the world a wisdom yet
Beyond what all the sages wit.
Listen ! I drop the riper fruit :
The one religion absolute !
All things within the ever-shifting whole
Are but the reflex of the Eternal Me ;
The one, pervading animalcule soul ;
All from that full, unbottomed fountain roll,
And back return as rivers to the sea.

THE SAGE OF THE POLLEN.

Through each form the Protean God
Passes from the primal fire ;
Still from out the heavy clod,
Thro' all subtle changes higher,
In the flowering plant ascends,
In the man he drops the ape,
Till at last each grosser shape
In its perfect Typus ends ;
And lo ! revealed the Being true we find,
The rational, self-conscious insect mind.
We are the glorious world-flower ; we
The essence of Divinity ;
For us the blooming earth is given,
For us the ever-circling heaven ;
Onward through the ages vast
The animalcule soul has passed ;
Still pour its golden waves along
Of art, philosophy, and song.
Till reason gain its holy sway,
All myths of folly fade away ;
Then shall the coming, full-orbed æon dawn
Upon this pollen universe new-born,
And each in ripe development shall be
A true, incarnate, insect deity."

January, 1852.

THE FRESHET.

WET ! wet ! wet !
Chaos old hath come again,
And the goodly world's upset !
Moist and dry, earth and sky
Tumbled, jumbled all together :
Who is clerk now of the weather ?
Under whose heavy reign are we ?
It is, sure, the demons' reign :
Pluto, that jailor old, is napping,
And the spirits every one
Of shower and mist, of spite and fun
Are up and out on a jolly lark :
Hear them at the chimney, hark !
With their fists of fiendish rapping.
Water ! water ! ghost of Pindar,
Could'st thou from this dismal window
See yon river's mighty piston
O'er the streets its deluge fling,
Nevermore thy lyre should sing
That absurd "*ὕδωρ ἄριστον.*"

THE FRESHET.

Rain ! Rain !

Never was such a wondrous May.

Venerable Mythos, say,

Man of 1672,

Twin-born of the Charter Oak,

Tell us younger Hartford folk,

Hast thou seen so moist a fact

As this modern cataract ?

ὦ ποπῶι, 'ἄι 'ἄι, ὦ φῆυ !

In what world, pray, are we thrown ?

Call ye this the temperate zone,

This incorrigible soaker ?

No man, but a wet rag am I !

Body and soul have got the cramp ;

Boots and coats and spirits damp ;

All the starch o' the world is out ;

Not a churchman, high and dry,

Not remaining a dry joker :

All that were so staunch and stout ;

None are left, except the sellers

Of Macintoshes and umbrellas.

Rain ! Rain !

Never was such a flood before,

Since that old sea captain Noah

Built him a safety boat of gopher !

THE FRESHET.

Watchman, on the state-house vane !

Tell us, tell us what o' the night?

“ I saw the great Connecticut,
Swaggering like a tipsy loafer,
Tumbling left, and tumbling right,
Through the streets of Hartford town ;
Storied house and Irish hut
Bobbing up and bobbing down.
I saw a porpoise smooth his head
On Mrs. Jones' best feather-bed !
I saw a babe in a crib of wicker
Floating along like infant Moses ;
I saw old toppers to their noses
Steeped in a most unusual liquor :
I saw a thousand salt-bags sink,
Overcome with mighty drink :
I saw the shad up Market Street
Swimming each on his own hook ;
I saw a grocer smiling look,
As he watered his best old brandy-butt
With the best old Connecticut ;
I saw a boy on a chimney-top
Angling over a fruiterer's shop ;
I saw a parson take his seat,
Riding all serene and high,

THE FRESHET.

On a barrel of dry discourses,
The only things that can stay dry :
Cats and dogs, and men and horses,
Pots and kettles, neck and neck,
Sinking, drinking, struggling, bubbling,
Soaking, choking, splashing, smashing,
All the world a floating wreck !
Woe is me ! I saw and sate
On my lonely Ararat ;
And I cried : the demons rain !
Chaos and night are come again."

May, 1856.

HUNGARY.

AWAKE, strong heart of an insulted earth !
Where sleeps thy manhood at this fearful
hour ?

A hero nation, writhing at its birth,
Strangled within the coils of brutal Power !
Ah ! shame ! unpitying Europe stands,
With coldest glance and folded hands,
While on the bloody field pale Hungary lies ;
And see ! alas ! with sadly-lingering eyes,
As fade their happy plains away,
Afar her hunted chieftains stray,
With broken swords and broken prayer,
Asking of Moslem hearts in their despair
The last, poor boon by Christian men denied,
A home, a grave, their war-worn heads to hide.

Not fallen, O noble land ! tho' now
Trampled beneath a despot horde ;
A conqueror in thy suffering thou !
A holier strife than of the sword !

HUNGARY.

For thee the stars in their high courses fight :
For thee the hills, the streams, whose ancient
 might

Laughs at man's fetters as it seaward rolls ;
For thee, the hopes, the aims of deathless souls.
 Rise, Freedom, from the living Past,
 With all thy sacred legions vast,
 From Alpine heights, from stormy coast
 Of the long ages, see ! they march.

Hear ye the voice, ye crowned traitors, hear,
 And tremble, for it bodes your judgment-day !
That word, once breathed upon the atmosphere
 Of living men, shall never pass away.

 Whispered by some weak lip, now dumb,
 It echoes thro' the years to come ;
Onward it rolls, yet louder, louder wakes
The mighty music, till at last it breaks
 In volleying thunders ; wild and deep
 Tosses the surge o'er cliffs of wrong ;
 A startled nation in its sleep
Listens and knows the stern, prophetic song,
The tyrants' death-knell, the last trumpet peal ;
Lifts its glad head and shakes the avenging
 steel.

HUNGARY.

Joy, patriot chiefs ! for souls so great
No idle tears to-day we shed ;
Ye are no broken tools of Fate ;
Rejoice, for Freedom is not dead !
A life eternal she within her bears ;
Hers is no exile, but where'er she fares,
All climes, all noble spirits are her home.
And still, tho' far your toil-worn feet may roam,
Walks Hungary with uplifted eyes,
Still to your hero ears she sings
The chaunt of her high destinies ;
A glorious rest after long wanderings ;
A nation yet to be ; tho' banished now,
Wearing her crown upon her queenly brow.

THE CENTURY FLOWER.

'TIS holy night ! in slumber pale
The dreaming soul of nature lies :
Now lifts the flower its mystic veil,
And flashes morning from its eyes.
A hundred years of waning earth !
Of frost and sunbeam, blight and bloom ;
And man, who saw its infant birth,
A frailer flower, has sought the tomb.

A hundred years ! what empires sped
As eddies on the whirling tide !
Lands ruled beneath Napoleon's tread,
And greater Goethe sang and died.
Yet dumb, in shadowy stillness strange,
Its fringed eyelids wait the hour ;
Till ripening thro' each mighty change,
It blooms, Time's rich, full-opened flower.

A hundred years ! the soul of truth
Has fettered lain in death-like rest,

THE CENTURY FLOWER.

Yet lives a Thought, its budding youth
 Wrapt in some holy prophet's breast.
It dawns ! the spell of ages breaks ;
 Stately it towers o'er barren men,
A world of perfumed beauty wakes,
 Then drops its seed, to rise again.
1848.

A hundred years ! our fathers lie
 Calm sleeping on the field of toil ;
We build, we drive the plowshare by,
 Heedless of aught beneath the soil.
Silent thro' day, thro' lingering night
 Still grew the bud :—but see ! the morn !
See ! burst the glorious petals white,
 And Freedom's Century Flower is born.

April, 1864.

THE BURIAL AT GETTYSBURG.

A VOICE as of the ocean surge !
I see a mighty nation tread,
With banners drooped and funeral dirge
 Within the city of the dead.
On yonder slope but yesterday
 Clashed steel with steel, and breast with
 breast ;
And tossed the battle's blood-red spray
 O'er hosts who now in silence rest.

Kneel, mother land, in broken prayer,
 To kiss the dear, the holy ground !
See strong men weep like children there,
 Spelling in vain each nameless mound.
And far, by Erie's waters deep,
 Or in the solemn woods of Maine,
The gray sire dreams in troubled sleep
 Of one who comes not home again.

Sword of the Lord !—the bitter cry
 From many a bleeding wound shall start—

THE BURIAL AT GETTYSBURG.

Rest in thy scabbard, rest ! ah no !

False sons have stabbed a mother's heart.
As breaks the thunders' gathered roar,
I hear, I hear a people's cry
From stormy cliff and sounding shore—
No peace, no peace till Treason die.

No ! by the sacred toils of all

Who laid with no cement but truth
The stones of our Cyclopean wall :

No ! by the hopes of giant youth !
No ! by the red blood crime hath spilt :
No ! by this heirdom of the free !

Bare the bright sword ; swear on the hilt,
These years of wrong no more shall be.

Chaunt ye not now the requiem sad :

Lift ye the war-song, clear and high !
Sing, till it stir the sleepers glad,
Who 'neath these crowded hillocks lie.
Sing, mother land ! ye peaks that bloom
With wreaths of the eternal snow !
Ye primal forests, in whose womb
Navies of oak and iron grow !

THE BURIAL AT GETTYSBURG.

Ye prairies, rich with nobler grains
Of bearded men, of free-born sons !
And thou, great river, thro' whose veins
The life-blood of our heroes runs ;
More than the yellow Tiber's wave,
Thy banks shall gleam with deathless fame ;
Sing with thy torrents, of the brave,
Who died to keep a nation's spotless name.

December, 1863.

THE AFRICAN COLOUR-SERGEANT.

GLARES the volcano-breath ;
Pours the red sea of death
From Wagner's yawning hold,
On the besiegers bold.
Twice vain the wild attack,
Inch by inch, stern and slow,
Fights the torn remnant back,
Face to the foe.

Yet free the colours wave,
Borne by yon Afric brave,
Above the storm-blast higher ;
But ah ! that flashing fire !
He sinks—the banner falls
From the faint, mangled limb ;
And droop to mocking walls
The star folds dim !

Stay, stay the taunting laugh :
See ! now he lifts the staff,

THE AFRICAN COLOUR-SERGEANT.

Clenched in his close-shut teeth ;
Crawls from red heaps beneath,
Crowned with his starry robe,
Till he the ranks has found :—
“ Comrades ! the dear old flag
Ne’er touched the ground.”

O deed, so pure, so grand,
Sidney might clasp thy hand !
O brother ! black thy skin,
But white the pearl within !
Man ! who to lift thy race,
Worthy, thrice worthy art :
Clasps thee in warm embrace
A nation’s heart.

December, 1863.

THE BATTLE OF THE DEAD CID.

[From the "Cronica del Cid."]

SILENT sleeps the tented city ; only rings
the sentry's tread :

Stand I long in frosty starlight, dreaming back
the stately dead :

And I cry with restless longing—Might to-day
some elder ghost,

From the cloudland of the heroes wake to lead
the bannered host !

Then as clang of answering trumpet, thro' the
hollow gorge of yore,

Comes the legend of the battle, of the dead
Campeador.

Woe the day for thee, Valencia ! Close the
Moorish pennons fly,

As the white-caps of the billows, when the
storm-wind dashes high :

In his gilded mail, King Bucar 'mid his
swarthy thousands lay,

And he laughs, in dreams of triumph, at the
breaking of the day.

THE BATTLE OF THE DEAD CID.

But no sleep is in the city ; thro' the street
 stole faces white ;
At St. Mary's half-lit altar, masses wailed that
 sable night :
There were prayers upon the cross-hilt ; women
 knelt in moaning fear,
For the Cid, the sword of battle, lay in silence
 on the bier.
Then his parting word they whispered, " Tell
 ye none that I am dead,
Place me upright in the saddle, wave the ban-
 ner o'er my head ;
Ride ye forth, my brave Bermudez ; ride ye
 dauntless, for I wis
I shall win my stoutest battle. God the mor-
 row, grants me this."
In his ivory chair they found him : all in
 silence gazed and feared ;
Shot his starry eyes, wide open, from above the
 snowy beard ;
Firm his flesh and passing comely, by the
 Soldan's balsam kept ;
And the hero smiled as when a victor on the
 bloody field he slept.
Then in sendal green they robed him ; on the
 burnished cresses prest ;

THE BATTLE OF THE DEAD CID.

Rich he shone in blazoned surcoat, and the
red cross on his breast ;
On his head a parchment helmet, cunning
veined like gleaming steel :
God ! a conqueror undying, rose my Cid from
head to heel !
Joyous danced the ancient banner, joyous
Bavieca neighed,
And the darkling path was lighted by Tizona's
flashing blade.
Silent mount the knights around him ; through
Valencia's gate they stream ;
Silent where the white tents glisten, sweeping
like a ghastly dream ;
Silent as the frost of midnight falls upon the
flowery brake :
Hark the tambour ! hark the terror ! 'tis the
Cid ! the Cid ! awake !
Vainly leaps the maddened Bucar : vain the
awe-struck army flies :
Thro' the morning mists as sunbeams, smite
those stern, pursuing eyes ;
And beside him, lo ! a chieftain on a snow-
white charger came,
In his hand a snow-white banner, and a sword
of scorching flame.

THE BATTLE OF THE DEAD CID.

Santiago ! Santiago ! lo ! the glorious day is
won !

On the drifting wreck of battle bursts the red,
exulting sun !

Gold and jewels, tents and corpses :—and afar
King Bucar's pride,

As a flock of screaming sea-gulls, dips below
the ebbing tide !

.

Lift thy lids to-day, Mount Vernon ! where our
Greatest rests no more ;

But within his marble coffin, starts to hear the
cannon's roar ;

Dreams he of his broken country, dreams he
in heroic pain :

And methinks his voice is calling :—Raise my
palsied bones again :

Plant me upright in the saddle, bare the sword
within my hand ;

Let these ashes lead the battle, to redeem a
noble land !

O ! my country ! God thro' trial bring the man
as pure, as strong !

O ! blind giant, shorn and fettered by thy little
masters long !

THE BATTLE OF THE DEAD CID.

Grinding still for greedy factions, groping dim
thro' years of sleep ;
Long enow the lazy currents in thy drowsy
veinlets creep ;
Long enow thine iron manhood eaten hangs
by selfish rust ;
Wake again that mighty spirit ! stand erect
that hero dust !
For a hundred living pigmies not to-day shall
victory win,
As a hero's parchment helmet, with a hero's
soul within !

March, 1864.

THE GRASS-GROWN RAMPART.

STAND with me on this grassy mound ;
A battle-field, a bloody grave !
To-day the nodding harvests wave
Their mimic banners o'er the ground.

See ! in yon trench, whose broken crest
Sank 'neath the angry cannon wheel,
A troop of conquering daisies steal,
And on the very summit rest.

And on this slope, where thickest fell
The rain of death that stormy day,
I see the laughing children play
With fragments of a rusty shell.

Long mused I there. Within my ear
Rang thy sad voice, O gentle Lord !
“Not peace, I come to bring a sword” :
But now I read their meaning clear.

No Peace, till Thy cause conquereth ;
No peace on earth, till Wrong and Right

THE GRASS-GROWN RAMPART.

Have wrestled in their mortal fight ;
Then peace from war, then life from death !

Stand on the battle-field of thought !
A lurid waste, and through the strife
Now truth, now error ; a great life
Torn headlong, vanishing in naught.

Vain sceptic ! never truth has died ;
No Saviour who himself could save,
Yet every victim from the grave
Breaks like the Master glorified.

Welcome the battle ! Earth-born lies
Arm still their crowned and mitred powers.
Let God take care of peace. Be ours
The tears of blood, the sacrifice.

Rest never ! Let mine heart repeat
Thy cry, brave Arnauld ! "Have I not
Eternity to rest in ?" What
Repose like this, well-learned and sweet ?

So God sends peace. New harvests bloom
Out of our sweat, our pain, our toil,
Flowers nestle in the furrowed soil,
And children play on our green tomb.

GUISEPPE MAZZINI.

REST, fiery heart, at length !

Roman of elder race, thy life-blood poured
For the pure commonweal, thy dying strength
Grasping the broken sword !

A grey-haired dreamer still
In a changed world ; grave, proud and passion-
ate,
Steel eating out its scabbard ; Titan will
Sternly defying fate.

Yet in thy visions high,
Like all great dreamers, hast thou kept the faith
Of virgin youth in God, in liberty
'Mid dungeon walls or death.

While foreign gamesters played
For thy fair Italy ; and priestly ban
Palsied her sons, and a crowned phantom
swayed

The Christian Vatican,

GUISEPPE MAZZINI.

Thine the unfaltering voice
Of Rome's last freeman. Let a conquering
 might
Bribe all the gods to silence ; Cato's choice
 " Be with the conquered Right !

Thy doom an exile sore,
With Dante " climbing up another's stairs,"
Yet Rome thy Holy Land, Rome evermore
 The temple of thy prayers.

Peace, weary heart ! not vain
That dream of waiting manhood, withering
 years ;
It comes, the fruit of all heroic pain,
 Of toil and bloody tears.

Ah yes ! some happier day
Shall a fond people bear thine ashes home,
To hoard them in its urn, and proudly lay
 Within a new-born Rome,

Where ! 'neath the Palatine
Breaks the primeval city from its graves,
And its immortals wake to hail the line
 Of sons no longer slaves !

March, 1872.

1875.

TWELVE ! on the midnight silence
Smites slow the drowsing bell,
As if God's hand were tolling
The dead world's funeral.

I sate in my empty study
And gazed in the flickering fire,
As from the floor to the ceiling
Climb the tall shadows higher.

And as to the scared Belshazzar,
A phantom finger came,
And traced on the wall before me
Figures of cloudy flame.

Methinks in the changing picture
Faces I knew appear ;
And each in the still procession
Turns as he passes near.

I see the Past sweep o'er me,
As to the drowning man

The whirling years are gathered
 Within a moment's span.

Yes ! 'tis my youth's bright playmates
 Who laughed in the sunrise rays ;
 Long, long ago they vanished
 At the parting of the ways.

Now lo ! as the frost of night-time
 Shrivels the glancing dew,
 Change they to palsied grey-beards,
 A lean and ghastly crew !

See ! one in childhood singing
 A lark in upper sky,
 With chains of gold now fettered,
 A slave he totters by.

Here one, a gay, bold athlete,
 Crawls on with gouty limb,
 And the coals of wasting passion
 Glare in those ashes dim.

And there a dear loved maiden
 Creeps now a wrinkled crone,
 Thro' her painted mask is looking
 An eye of soulless stone.

See one, whose skinny fingers
 Clutch at a laurel crown ;
 In bitter rage he grasps it
 But drop the handfuls brown.

See ! there that fleshless spectre,
 Eyes from the sockets gone,
 Wears his bare skull a mitre
 And flaunts the Bishop's lawn.

And from his tongue long palsied,
 As he drones his dreary prayer,
 A slimy snake creeps coiling
 About his thin, white hair

What are ye, grisly phantoms,
 That o'er my memory stream ?
 Where is the thoughtful prophet
 To read my bodeful dream ?

What are ye, grisly phantoms ?
 Then as the autumn blast
 An angry wail came shrieking,
 "Ghosts of the vanished Past."

Then sank that fiery horror
 Within the ashes cold ;

And lo ! on the soft, fair radiance
New faces I behold.

I see the pale-browed scholar,
Who has worshipped God's own truth,
Brave souls, who had not bartered
For gold their golden youth.

I see the meek, true comrades,
Who bore the scars of strife ;
The pinching want, the sorrows,
The thankless loads of life.

Methinks, as in Giotto's pictures
Those lights of evening play,
As a halo of gold and crimson,
Around their foreheads grey.

Methinks in the magic firelight
As the youths of old they trod,
And there was walking with them
One like a Son of God.

And a soft voice murmured o'er me
Like the Old Year's passing breath,
"The unseen is eternal ;
Its years can know no death."

CAROLS.

CHRISTMAS.

RING out the bells for Christmas !
The happy, happy day !
In winter wild, the Holy Child
Within the cradle lay ;
Oh, wonderful ! the Saviour
Is in a manger lone ;
His palace is a stable,
And Mary's arms His throne.

On Bethlehem's quiet hillside,
In ages long gone by,
In angel notes the Glory floats,
Glory to God on high !
Yet wakes the sun as joyous
As when the Lord was born,
And still He comes to greet you
On every Christmas morn.

Where'er His sweet lambs gather
Within this gentle fold,
The Saviour dear is waiting near,
As in the days of old :

CHRISTMAS.

In each young heart you see Him
In every guileless face,
You see the Holy Jesus,
Who grew in truth and grace.

In many a darksome cottage,
In many a crowded street,
In winter bleak, with shivering cheek
The homeless child you meet ;
Gaze on the pale, wan features,
The feet with wandering sore,
You see the souls He loveth,
The Christ-child at the door.

Then sing your gladsome carols,
And hail the new-born sun ;
For Christmas light is passing bright,
It smiles on every one.
And feast Christ's little children,
His poor, His orphan call ;
For He who chose the manger,
He loveth one and all.

CHRISTMAS.

SOFTLY the night is sleeping
On Bethlehem's peaceful hill ;
Silent the shepherds watching,
The gentle flocks are still.
But, hark ! the wondrous music
Falls from the opening sky ;
Valley and cliff re-echo,
Glory to God on high !
Glory to God ! it rings again :
Peace on the earth, good-will to men !

Day in the East is breaking ;
Day o'er the crimsoned earth ;
Now the glad world is waking,
Glad in the Saviour's birth !
See, where the clear star bendeth
Above the manger blest ;
See, where the infant Jesus
Smiles upon Mary's breast.
Glory to God ! we hear again :
Peace on the earth, good-will to men !

CHRISTMAS.

Come with the gladsome shepherds,
Quick hastening from the fold ;
Come with the wise men pouring
Incense and myrrh and gold :
Come to Him, poor and lowly,
Around the cradle throng ;
Come with your hearts of sunshine,
And sing the angels' song,
Glory to God ! tell out again :
Peace on the earth, good-will to men !

Wave ye the wreaths unfading,
The fir-tree and the pine,
Green from the snows of winter,
To deck the holy shrine ;
Bring ye the happy children !
For this is Christmas morn ;
Jesus, the sinless Infant,
Jesus, the Lord, is born.
Glory to God, to God again :
Peace, peace on earth, good-will to men !

EASTER.

JOY to the World ! fresh joy
Dawns on its second birth ;
And with the Risen Lord
Rises again the earth !
All things Thy power obey,
Victor divine o'er death !
All hail Thy holy day
With living breath.

Now heaven is passing fair ;
Calmer the restless main ;
More softly steals the air
Over the smiling plain ;
Each withered flower awakes
From winter sleep to bloom,
Each gladsome torrent breaks
Its icy tomb.

Life conquers death ! Arise,
O race of ransomed men !

EASTER.

Your long-lost Paradise
Opens in joy again ;
See ! where the living Lord
Stands at the happy door ;
The cherubs' flaming sword
Guards it no more.

1869.

EASTER.

CHRIST hath arisen !
Death is no more !
Lo the white-robed ones
Sit by the door.
Dawn, golden morning,
Scatter the night !
Haste, ye disciples glad,
First with the light.

Break forth in singing,
O world new-born !
Chaunt the great Easter-tide,
Christ's holy morn.
Chaunt Him, young sunbeams,
Dancing in mirth !
Chaunt, all ye winds of God
Coursing the Earth !

Chaunt Him, ye laughing flowers,
Fresh from the sod ;

EASTER.

Chaunt Him, wild leaping streams,
Praising your God !
Break from *thy* winter,
Sad heart, and sing !
Bud with thy blossoms fair ;
Christ is thy spring.

Come where the Lord hath lain,
Past is the gloom :
See the full eye of day
Smile through the tomb.
Hark ! angel voices
Fall from the skies :
Christ hath arisen,
Glad heart, arise !

EASTER CAROL.

WAKE to-day, ye gladsome voices !
Wake the song that angels sing ;
Heaven is bright, and earth rejoices ;
Christ is risen, the Lord and King !
Roll away the stone that bound Him ;
Lift your heads, ye gates of gloom,
See the shining ones around Him ;
Morning floods the empty tomb.

See ! He opes the heavenly city ;
There the Lamb is all the light ;
See the walls of gleaming jasper ;
There is day that hath no night.
There no sickness is nor dying,
Fadeless flower the blissful years ;
There no more of pain or crying,
God shall wipe away the tears.

From the throne á crystal river
Doth through greenest meadows glide ;

EASTER CAROL.

'Neath the tree of life forever
Walks the Lord, His saints beside :
Ended all their cares, their trials,
Robes of spotless white they wear ;
Ever from their golden vials
Rise the odours sweet of prayer.

Now before Him bend they lowly ;
Now the song of love they pour,
Saying, Holy ! Holy ! Holy !
Lord and Saviour evermore !
Ring ye out that hymn unending,
Roll, ye angel tides, along ;
Earth to-day with you is blending
In one wave of joyous song.

1862.

SPANISH HYMN.

[From the Hymnal of the "Iglesia de Jesus." Mexico.]

WHY leavest Thou Thy sheep,
Good shepherd ! 'mid this darkling
vale forlorn,
In loneliness to weep ?
And Thou thro' æther borne,
Afar to the immortal rest art gone ?

What can these rapt eyes see
On which the beauty of Thy face has shone,
That shall not joyless be ?
Who Thy sweet voice has known,
To him all else has deaf and tuneless grown.

Upon these tossing seas
Who shall the bridle lay ? whose hand beside
Stay the mad, angry breeze ?
If Thou Thy presence hide,
What pilot else to the fair haven guide ?

SPANISH HYMN.

Ah ! envious cloud, ah ! why
Canst thou our short-lived joy so soon betray ?
Ah ! whither wilt thou fly ?
What wealth thou bear'st away ;
How blind, how poor, we who behind thee stay !

ANCIENT CHRISTIAN HYMNS.

CHILDREN IN PARADISE.

PRAISE to Thee, O God our Father,
From the mouths of babes shall flow :
Who in greenest fields of heaven
As the spotless Lambkins grow.

By the Spirit's voice aye guided
'Neath the trees of life they feed :
Gabriel, the angel shepherd,
Doth the flock forever lead.

High are they and passing lovely
More than saints or virgin host :
Children of our God the dearest,
Nurslings of the Holy Ghost.

Heavenly playmates, there they mingle
Happy with the Sons of Light :
Dwellers of the sinless city,
Far from this sad world of night.

CHILDREN IN PARADISE.

At the blessed Easter's daybreak
Newly clad they wake to mirth,
Now for them their happy freedom
Darkened by no stains of earth.

Short below life's little morning,
For they live in Eden fair ;
Ah ! our old hearts yearn how fondly
Soon again to find them there.

1863.

ST. EPHRAIM (Syriac),
[From the German version of Zwingli.]

LUCIS LARGITOR SPLENDIDE.

ALL-GLORIOUS Giver of the light,
In whose unclouded ray,
After the shadows of the night,
Blooms the new-risen day !

Thou art the world's true morning-star,
Not he, that lesser one,
Twinkling a feeble speck afar,
Pale herald of the sun.

O brighter than the noontide gleam ;
Day, sun full-orbed Thou art,
Piercing with Thine eternal beam
The cloisters of the heart.

Builder of living worlds, draw nigh !
Smile of the Father's face ;
Our happy souls wide open lie
To Thy soft-coming grace.

Filled with Thy Spirit, may we keep
God's presence aye within ;

LUCIS LARGITOR SPLENDIDE.

Nor through these hallowed portals creep
The stealthy feet of sin.

Amidst thick-coming cares, that fill
The hours of daily time,
Our law shall be Thy perfect will,
Our conscience clear of crime !

With virgin shame may the chaste mind
Our earth-born passions chain ;
And in this body, pure enshrined,
The Holy Ghost remain.

Be this glad hope our matin song,
This, Lord, our sacrifice !
O morning light, through midnight long
Watch with unsleeping eyes !

HILARY.

BEATA NOBIS GAUDIA.

GLADSOME feast ! of all most dear,
G Circling with the sacred year ;
When upon the waiting host
Burning fell the Holy Ghost.

Quivering like a cloven tongue,
Heavenly light above them hung ;
On their lips a word it came,
In their hearts a living flame.

Now in every voice they spake ;
Awed the listening heathen shake ;
Theirs no fire of maddening wine,
Drank they from the cup divine.

Mystic truth ! to Israel old,
In the Paschal symbol told ;
When the closing Jubilee
Set the happy bondsmen free.

BEATA NOBIS GAUDIA.

God of boundless Pity, now
With a lowly face we bow ;
Give Thy Spirit from above,
With the largess of Thy love.

Thou, whose gracious tides could pour
On those hallowed hearts before ;
Let our sinful bondage cease,
Bring our Jubilee of peace.

HILARY.

1859.

AURORA LUCIS RUTILAT.

MORNING purples now the skies ;
Warbles heaven with harmonies ;
Earth in jubilee rejoices ;
Groaneth hell with angry voices.

Lo ! awakes th' Almighty King :
Death lies bruised and grovelling ;
Shaking Hades with His tread,
Leads He forth the unfettered dead.

He in rocky prison barred,
Slumbering 'neath the keen-eyed guard,
Conqueror from His funeral gate,
Marches with triumphal state.

Loosed the pains of souls below,
Hushed are all the sighs of woe ;
And the gleaming angel cries :
" See the living Lord arise ! "

ST. AMBROSE.

ÆTERNA CHRISTI MUNERA.

ETERNAL offerings of the Son :
Trophies by martyr valor won ;
For these the homage of our praise
We yield in our rejoicing lays.

Kings of the holy churches crowned,
Chiefs on her famous battle-ground,
Guards in the palace of the King,
True stars the world illumining.

Above the fear of man upborne,
Trampling the flesh in noble scorn,
A holy death to them was gain
The life eternal to obtain.

Meek sufferers ! in the burning pile,
Or torn by savage teeth they smile ;
In maddening rage the torturer stands,
And brutal weapons arm his hands.

ÆTERNA CHRISTI MUNERA.

Bare hang the mangled limbs, and wide
Pours every wound its sacred tide ;
Yet all untouched amidst the strife,
The grace of an immortal life.

The faith that fires the saintly still,
The yearning hope no doubt can kill,
The perfect love of Christ, the Lord,
Has triumphed o'er the foeman's sword.

In them the Father's glory shone ;
In them Christ's lowly will is done ;
In them exults the Holy Ghost,
And smiles with joy the heavenly host.

Redeemer, grant Thy servants' prayer ;
Grant us Thy holy cross to bear,
And in the noble army found,
With palms of endless life be crowned.

ST. AMBROSE.

O! GENS BEATA CÆLITUM.

O HAPPY ones of heavenly race !
Bright phalanx of the holy powers !
What overflowing fulness showers
Upon you from the Fount of Grace !
The Highest Lord, His solace best
Hath given to you, ye spirits blest :
Vision of our eternal rest.

Before the splendour of your light
The quivering lamps of heaven pale ;
The royal sun himself doth fail,
And all the marvels of the night :
And if, beyond these feeble eyes
More golden suns than ours arise,
Dark are they to your upper skies.

Forms as the crystal, pure of stain,
Your minds of piercing thought enfold ;
And as the threads of finest gold,
Or the red coral every vein ;

O! GENS BEATA CÆLITUM.

Thro' these the gracious life-blood glows,
And sweeter far than earthly rose,
Or than the dropping balm it flows.

Ye in the sinless Eden dwell,
Wreathing, as pass the eternal hours,
Crowns of the many-coloured flowers,
Lily and purple daffodil ;
One only blossom, opening there,
Flings thousand sweets upon the air,
As breath of your own spirits rare.

There doth the Father's table stand,
Ever with heavenly banquet graced,
And with our God Himself ye feast,
Tasting rich dainties from His hand :
The river of all sweetness rolls,
Ambrosial cates, and nectared bowls ;
No thirst, no hunger for your souls.

What joys that happy palace throng !
What music glad that world inspires !
The harmony of myriad lyres !
All voices, yet one holy song :

O! GENS BEATA CÆLITUM.

Breaks in full tide the choral strain ;
How sweet, how soft it melts again :
Earth echoes that high chant in vain.

On the unveiled God ye gaze,
Seeing His presence face to face ;
The bliss that floods the holy place,
From His unshadowed glory rays :
Eye cannot pierce, tongue cannot tell
The life wherein your spirits dwell :
To the dull world ineffable.

ST. AUGUSTIN.

1859.

QUID, TYRANNE, QUID MINARIS?

WHY, O tyrant Sin ! thy raging ?
All thy bitter woes combine,
All thy arts of malice waging ;
Naught are these to love divine.
Sweet to me is every torment,
Feeble is the power of pain :
Love is greater, Love is stronger ;
Better death than earthly stain.

Light the cruel pile around me,
Smite me with the sharpest sword ;
To the cross of anguish bind me,
Dying with my dying Lord :
Sweet to me is every torment,
Feeble is the power of pain :
Love is greater, Love is stronger ;
Better death than earthly stain.

Mild, too mild for Thee my trial !
Death but once, how brief its stroke !

QUID, TYRANNE, QUID MINARIS?

Mine life's cross of self-denial,
Mine to bear Thy easy yoke.
Sweet to me is every torment,
Feeble is the power of pain ;
Love is greater, Love is stronger :
Better death than earthly stain.

1859.

ST. AUGUSTIN.

JAM MÆSTÂ QUIESCE QUERELÂ.

NO more, ah, no more sad complaining ;
Resign these fond pledges to earth :
Stay, mothers, the thick-falling tear-drops ;
This death is a heavenly birth.

What mean these still caverns of marble,
Fair shrines that the dear ashes keep ?
How sweetly they tell of the loved ones,
Not dead, but soft resting in sleep !

What though on the pale, icy forehead,
No gleam of the intellect break ?
A moment it slumbers, till nobler
Its powers in their beauty awake.

Soon, soon, through the motionless body,
The warm, loving life-tide shall pour,
And blushing with joy, shall revisit
The home it has dwelt in before.

These clods, 'neath the hillock reposing,
Long wasting in silent decay,

ſAM MÆSTA QUIESCE QUERELA.

Shall follow the souls that have loved them,
On wingèd wings soaring away.

So green from the seed springs the blossom,
Long perished, long hid in the mould ;
And fresh from the turf, it remembers
The wide-waving harvests of old.

Take, Earth, to thy bosom so tender,—
Take, nourish this body ; how fair,
How noble in death ! we surrender
These relics of man to thy care.

This, this was the home of the spirit,
Once built by the breath of our God ;
And here in the light of His wisdom,
Christ, Head of the risen, abode.

Guard well the dear treasure we lend thee :
The Maker, the Saviour of men,
Shall never forget His belovèd,
But claim His own likeness again.

Speed on, perfect year, to the morning ;
God's fulness shall dawn on the just,
And thou, open Grave, shall restore us
This holy, unchangeable dust.

DE CRUCE CHRISTI.

[Crux benedicta nitet, Dominus quâ carne pependit.]

BLESSED gleameth the cross, where hung
the Incarnate Redeemer,
And in His blood is found healing for every
wound.

Meekly in love for our souls the Lamb was
the innocent victim,

And from the wolf's fell jaws the sheep of His
pasture He draws.

Pierced were the holy palms, to rescue the
world from its ruin,

And in His own sad doom, shuts He the gate of
the tomb.

Here that hand with the bloody nails to the
wood was fastened,

Which a Paul from his sin, Peter from death
could win.

Mighty in fruitfulness, O thou Tree so sweet
and so noble,

DE CRUCE CHRISTI.

How do thy branches bear, fresh blooming
fruit and fair.

Breathing thy rich perfume, the dead arise
from their slumber,

And wake to the fairer day, then vanish from
earth away.

Never scorches the summer under thy wide-
spreading shadows,

Never the noontide light, never the moon by
night.

Beautiful art thou, planted where still waters
are flowing,

Green are thy leafy showers, mingled with
richest flowers.

Clingeth to thee the vine, enwrapt in thy loving
embraces ;

Sweetly from thee doth glide, the blood-red,
life-giving tide.

1859.

FORTUNATUS.

NUNTIIUM VOBIS FERO DE SUPERNIS

TIDINGS I bear from heaven of joy excel-
ling ;

Born is the Christ, Lord of this earthly dwell-
ing,

In Bethlehem, as in vision old foretelling
The prophets holy.

Him hailed the angel choir with joyous singing ;
A star declared Him, the wise princes bringing
From Eastern lands, their mystic tribute fling-
ing

In worship lowly.

Incense to God, myrrh for His death of bless-
ing,

Spangles of gold for Him, earth's throne pos-
sessing,

One, yet the Blessed Trinity confessing,
Three giving threefold.

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

COME, O Spirit ! Fount of grace !
From Thy heavenly dwelling-place
One bright morning beam impart :
Come, O Father of the poor ;
Come, O Source of bounties sure ;
Come, O Sunshine of the heart !

Comforter of man the best !
Making the sad soul Thy guest ;
Sweet refreshing in our fears,
In our labour a retreat,
Cooling shadow in the heat,
Solace in our falling tears.

O ! thrice blessed light divine !
Come, the spirit's inmost shrine
With Thy holy presence fill ;
Of Thy brooding love bereft,
Naught to hopeless man is left ;
Naught is his but evil still.

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

Wash away each earthly stain,
Flow o'er this parched waste again,
 Heal the wounds of conscience sore,
Bind the stubborn will within,
Thaw the icy chains of sin,
 Guide us, that we stray no more.

Give, to Thy believers give,
In Thy holy hope who live,
 All Thy sevenfold dower of love ;
Give the sure reward of faith,
Give the love that conquers death,
 Give unfailing joy above.

1860.

ROBERT OF FRANCE.

GRAVI ME TERRORE PULSAS.

WITH what heavy fear thou smitest
At my breast, Life's closing day!
Faints my heart ; my reins are loosened :
Melts my torn and shivering clay ;
With foreboding sad that image
Doth the troubled mind pourtray.

Who to pierce that scene of terror
Can his mortal vision send ?
When the narrow race is rounded,
And the wrestling soul shall rend
All the earthly ties that bind it,
Hasting to its mournful end.

Dies the sense ; the lips are stiffened ;
Roll the clouded eyes in vain :
Pants the bosom ; hoarse the whisper
Gasping from the breath of pain :
Pale the face ; the limbs are palsied,
Grace nor motion there remain.

GRAVI ME TERRORE PULSAS.

See ! as mighty currents parted,
The unbodied spirits flow :
Here the shining powers angelic,
There the dæmon crowd of woe ;
Each unto his doom self-chosen,
With resistless feet shall go.

All our inmost thoughts, endeavours,
Words and deeds before us rise,
All a marshalled host assembled,
Bare to our unwilling eyes.
Turn we hither, glance we thither,
Lo ! the cloud of witnesses.

Ah ! how doth the gnawing conscience
Now the guilty bosom tear ;
Memory calls each ebbing season
With the summons of despair ;
Saddening sentence ! late repentance
Only sighs a fruitless prayer.

Now the sweet of earth deluding
Into bitter poison turns ;
Now the riot of a moment
As an endless sorrow burns ;

GRAVI ME TERRORE PULSAS.

And in all our fancied greatness
Empty nothing it discerns.

Hear me, Christ ! O King unconquered !
Hear Thy hapless suppliant call !
In the day of death, that cometh
Thy stern messenger to all,
Shield me, that I may not victim
To the impious tyrant fall.

Perish the fell Prince of Darkness !
Perish all his hellish pride !
Then Thy ransomed flock, O Shepherd !
To the fold of heaven guide,
Where in living pastures feeding,
They may evermore abide.

1860.

PETRUS DAMIANI.

AUDI, TELLUS, AUDI.

HEAR, earth, hear God's decree ;
Cave of the mighty sea ;
Hear, man, hear every one
That dwells beneath the sun.

It cometh, it is near ;
The day of wrath and fear ;
Wo ! for that bitter day ;
When fleeth Heaven away ;
Gloweth the sun blood red ;
The moon no longer burneth ;
Morning to blackness turneth ;
Earthward the wan stars fall :
Upon that day of dread,
Woe ! woe ! for sinners all,
In guilt and misery,
What shall our portion be ?

ANONYMOUS.

CUR MUNDUS MILITAT

WHY battles all the world
For its vain glory,
Whose bravest happiness
Is transitory ?

So soon its brittle power
A light touch shaketh,
Even as a vase of clay
In pieces breaketh.

Write words upon the ice
And trust their staying,
Sooner than idle cheats
Of earth decaying.

Flattered with baubles gay,
In truth's mask hiding,
Thy life's a little day
Of false confiding.

CUR MUNDUS MILITAT.

Better to plant thy trust
In wise men's teaching,
Than for the wretched gauds
Of fortune reaching.

False are its airy dreams,
And false its pleasing,
Its labours and its lusts
A hollow leasing.

Say, where is Solomon,
Of wisdom vaunted ;
And stoutest Samson now,
The chief undaunted ?

Say, where is Absalom,
Of beauty royal ;
And Jonathan, the heart
To friendship loyal ?

Where hath the Cæsar left
His empire splendid ?
And Dives' banqueting
In sorrow ended ?

Say, where is Tully's voice
In senates burning ?

CUR MUNDUS MILITAT.

And the wise Stagyrte,
Master of learning?

Such leaders of renown ;
Such bygone spaces ;
Such stately brows of old,
Such kingly races ;

Such potentates of earth,
The boast of story ;—
One flashing of an eye,
And gone their glory !

How brief a holyday
Man's pomp abideth,
And all his pleasure gay
A shadow glideth !

Feast of the crawling worm !
Dust to dust crumbled !
Drop of the morning dew,
Be thy pride humbled !

Even to-morrow's fate
Veiled from thy blindness,
Crowd thou to-day with deeds
Of loving-kindness.

CUR MUNDUS MILITAT.

This glory of the flesh,
Which man paradeth,
The Holy Book doth call
A flower that fadeth.

Even as the shrivelled leaf
On the wind sweeping,
So drops the life of man,
To darkness creeping.

Call not thine own, whate'er
A moment liveth ;
The world shall snatch again
All that it giveth ;

Ponder the things above !
Happy, whose treasure,
Garnered in heaven, scorns
The base world's pleasure.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

AD COR CHRISTI.

SUMMI REGIS COR, AVETO.

HEART of Christ, my King, I greet Thee !
Gladly goes my heart to meet Thee ;
To embrace Thee now it burneth,
And with eager thirst it yearneth,
Spirit blest, to talk with Thee.
Oh ! what love divine compelling !
With what grief Thy breast was swelling !
All Thy soul for us o'erflowing,
All Thy life on us bestowing,
Sinful men from death to free !

Oh, that death ! in bitter anguish,
Cruel, pitiless to languish !
To the inmost cell it entered,
Where the life of man was centered,
Gnawing Thy sweet heart-strings there.
For that death which Thou hast tasted,
For that form by sorrow wasted,
Heart to my heart ever nearest,

AD COR CHRISTI.

Kindle in me love the dearest ;
This, O Lord, is all my prayer.

O sweet Heart ! my choicest blessing,
Cleanse my heart, its sin confessing ;
Hardened in its worldly folly,
Make it soft again, and holy,
 Melting all its icy ground.
To my heart's core come and quicken
Me a sinner, conscience-stricken ;
Be Thy grace my soul renewing,
All its powers to Thee subduing,
 Languishing with love's sweet wound.

Open flower, with blossom fairest,
As a rose of fragrance rarest ;
Knit to Thee mine inmost feeling ;
Pierce, then pour the oil of healing ;
 What to love of Thee is pain ?
Naught he fears, whom Thy love calleth,
No self-sacrifice appalleth ;
Love divine can have no measure,
Every death to him is pleasure,
 Where such holy love doth reign.

AD COR CHRISTI.

Cries my heart with living voices :
In Thee, heart of Christ, rejoices ;
Draw Thou nigh with gracious motion,
Knit it, till in full devotion

Thou its every power employ.
Love be all my life ; no slumber
E'er my drowsy thought encumber ;
To Thee praying, Thee imploring,
Thee aye praising, Thee adoring,
Thee my sempiternal joy !

Heart Rose, in Thy fulness blossom,
Shed Thy perfume o'er my bosom ;
Be Thy beauty in me growing ;
Light the fires forever glowing

On the altar of my heart.
Aid me, Thy dear image wearing,
E'en Thy wounds, my Jesu, sharing,
Till Thy very form I borrow,
When my bosom feels Thy sorrow,
Piercing with its keenest dart.

To Thy holy heart, oh, take me !
Thy companion, Jesu, make me,

AD COR CHRISTI.

In that sorrow joy exceeding,
In that beauty scarred and bleeding,
Till my heart be wholly Thine.
Rest, my soul ! now naught shall sever ;
After Thee it follows ever ;
Here its thirst finds glad fulfilling ;
Jesu ! be Thou not unwilling,
Take this loving heart of mine !

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

1860.

IN TERRIS ADHUC POSITAM.

ON earth awhile, 'mid sufferings tried,
Still hears the Church, the holy Bride,
Her Lord from heaven, calling with daily cry,
Bidding her heart ascend to Him on high.

“Draw me,” she answers, “after Thee ;
Stretch Thy right hand to succour me :
On wingèd wings Thou soarest to the skies ;
Without Thy wings, how can I thither rise ?”

Ask for the pinions of the dove,
To hasten to that nest of love ;
Ask thou the eagle's plumes of tireless might,
That thou may'st climb to the eternal height.

Both wings and eyes will He bestow,
That thou the sun's unclouded glow
With thy undazzled glances may'st behold,
And drink the blessedness to man untold.

Only to wingèd beings given
Is that fair home of upper heaven ;
And there the holy souls find kindred place,
To whom our God shall grant the wings of
grace.

HYMNI NOCTURNI.

FRUIT-BEARING trees the earth adorn,
And now the heavenly lamps are born.
Sun, moon, and stars a living picture glow,
Sources of blessing wide to all below.

This goodly building now, O man !
On every side in wonder scan :
The realm of heaven confesses it is thine,
And for thy service beam these orbs divine.

He basks him in the wintry rays,
For whom no kindly hearth may blaze ;
And for his lantern in the night
The poor man hath the moon and starry light

The rich reclines on ivory bed,
The greensward for the poor is spread ;
For him the birds their softest carols sing,
The flowers their breath of sweetest perfume
fling.

HYMNI NOCTURNI.

O rich man, at a price too dear
Dost thou thy tottering palace rear,
Painting upon the vaulted ceiling high,
False sun, false stars within a mimic sky.

Beneath the true, the heavenly dome,
Hath the poor man his beauteous home,
On that the Maker with His fingers drew
A real sun, and starry torches true.

Ah ! than man's building nobler far
The works of lordly nature are :
Created without toil, or earthly gold,
Time crumbles not, nor makes them ever old.

Man only serves the rich man's state ;
But on the poor the angels wait :
All tells us how the generous God has given
To us, His sons, the highest things of heaven.

ABELARD.

1860.

MUNDI RENOVATIO.

SEE ! with nature's joyous birth
Spring a thousand forms of mirth ;
From its slumber all the earth
Rises with the Risen King ;
All things know the Maker's sway,
Conscious of His holy day
Come with festal offering.

Cloudless now the heavens blest,
Gentlier heaves the ocean's breast,
Softly sinks the wind to rest ;
Blooming is our valley's face,
Green the withered sod awakes,
And the ice-bound streamlet breaks,
Warmed by loving spring's embrace.

Life o'er death the victory wins ;
Man anew the joy begins,
Lost how early by his sins :
Blissful Eden is restored ;
Open flies the welcoming door,
And the cherub stern no more
Waves on high the flaming sword.

O ESCA VIATORUM!

FOOD for the wayworn given !
Bread that soft drops from heaven !
Manna the angels eat !
Our hungered spirits feeding,
Let not one sick soul needing
Lose this immortal sweet.

O ! spring of love excelling !
Pure wave, forever welling
From out the Saviour's heart !
Be thou our thirst's allaying ;
Thy gift is all our praying ;
Thou all our fulness art.

Jesu ! Thy beauty hidden,
To our dim eyes forbidden,
Daily we here adore ;
Grant us, Thy face unveiling,
In Thine own glorious dwelling
To see Thee evermore.

RECORDARE SANCTÆ CRUCIS.

PONDER thou the Cross all holy,
Who wilt tread the pathway lowly
To the perfect joy above :
Thou the holy cross aye ponder,
And with an uncloying wonder,
Drink its mysteries of love.

When thou toilest, when thou sleepest,
When thou smilest, when thou weepest,
Sad or gladsome if thou art ;
In thy coming, in thy going,
Whether pain or solace knowing,
Keep the cross within thy heart.

In the cross, 'mid burdens aching,
Heaviest waves above thee breaking,
Thine unending comfort find ;
Though 'midst cruel foes thou languish,
Sweet the cross in every anguish,
Refuge of the pious mind.

RECORDARE SANCTÆ CRUCIS.

Cross, of Paradise the portal,
Where have clung the souls immortal,
Victors in this earthly strife ;
Holy cross, the whole world's healing,
By it is God's love revealing
Marvels of eternal light.

Cross of Christ, the soul's well-being,
Light unshadowed for our seeing,
For the heart its sweetest good ;
Cross, the life all saints indwelling,
Storehouse of all gifts excelling,
Beauty and beatitude.

Cross, the glass of brave endeavour ;
Leader of our triumph ever,
Hope the faithful to inspire ;
Badge of the elect of heaven ;
Succour in our trial given ;
Fulness of the soul's desire.

Cross, the tree in beauty growing,
Hallowed by Christ's life-blood flowing,
Hanging with full-ripened load ;
Bounty for all spirits bearing,

RECORDARE SANCTÆ CRUCIS.

An immortal banquet sharing
With the blessed sons of God.

Crucified, oh, make me stronger,
While my life is spared me longer,
Still to know Thy suffering ;
With Thee wounded, with Thee dying,
To that Form before me lying
On the holy cross, I cling.

1859.

BONAVENTURA.

OMNIS MUNDI CREATURA.

SEE in every earth-born creature,
As a mirror tells each feature,
An illuminated scroll.
All our life, and our decaying,
All its changeful lot portraying ;
Truthful image of the soul !

In the rose thy painted glory ;
Read thou there thy human story,
Emblem of thy fading pride !
See its bud the daylight drinking,
Flowerless its stem is sinking
With the early eventide.

With each breath away 'tis breathing,
And its beauty pale bequeathing
In the cradle to the tomb :
Old with new in fast embracing,
Hoary age is childhood chasing,
Blight is hiding in its bloom.

OMNIS MUNDI CREATURA.

So the spring of life is dawning,
Flowering youth at rosy morning
 Opes awhile its petals white :
Soon the day with shadow blendeth,
And the creeping twilight endeth
 In the funeral pall of night.

Even its blossom is its wasting,
Ever is its beauty hasting
 Toward age, an ebbing wave ;
Gem is clay, the flow'ret's splendour
Withering grass, and man shall render
 Dust to dust within the grave.

All his being, his endeavour
Pain and ease and want forever
 To one mortal limit flows ;
Dark on light, and pain on laughter ;
Calm, and stormy ocean after,
 Morn and evening's silent close.

Early sorrow on us stealing
Is decay's sad face revealing ;
 Toil is but a mimic death ;
Every trial its foretelling,

OMNIS MUNDI CREATURA.

Every grief the moment knelling,
When the brief scene vanisheth.

Know, O man, the law that Heaven
To thy mortal state has given ;
Thine confess this fading lot ;
What thou wast, ere born to sorrow,
What to-day, and what to-morrow,
Know, and ah ! forget it not.

Mourn the sin that bringeth sadness,
Break thy pride, and curb thy madness,
Cast thy lofty looks away :
Lord of souls ! our life-course guiding,
In Thy narrow path abiding,
Never may our footsteps stray.

ALANUS INSULANUS.

VITA NOSTRA PLENA BELLIS.

LIFE, O man, is all a battle,
Ever 'midst the iron rattle,
Ever camped 'mid crafty foes ;
Wakes the trumpet sound each morrow ;
Crash of arms, and wail of sorrow
Breaks on every night's repose.

Yet by every fear undaunted,
In the stormy onset planted,
Stand I all unshaken still ;
Not the wrath of man can wound me,
Not the marshalled legions round me,
Not the bolts of deadliest skill.

Lo ! in thickest clouds He marches,
He who bends from heaven's arches,
Ruler of the starry throne :
He against the foeman shieldeth,
He the eternal weapons wieldeth,
And my battle is His own.

VITA NOSTRA PLENA BELLIS.

He the bow, the arrow breaketh,
He the mail-clad warrior shaketh
 With His everlasting flame ;
Fearless stand I, never flying,
All the angry host defying,
 More than conqueror in His name.

ALANUS INSULANUS.

1859.

ALL ANGELS.

EVER stand the Angel throng,
Lauding God in holy song ;
Gazing on their glorious King,
With the heart, the voice, they sing ;
Harp-notes flinging, timbrels ringing,
Now on golden plumes up-springing,
Climbing on the heavenly stair ;
Sweet bells blending, white-robed bending
Near the highest Trinity ;
Holy, Holy, Holy, crying :
Flieth sorrow, ceaseth sighing,
In that city of the sky.
Mingled are all happy voices,
One that in their God rejoices ;
Love in every mind is burning,
In pure vision upward turning
To the Eternal One, the Blessed Trine.
All the glowing seraphim

ALL ANGELS.

With a heart of fire adore Him ;
All the keen-eyed cherubim
Veil their faces low before Him ;
Awed, the Thrones behold the Majesty
Divine.

Oh, how wonderful that region !
Oh, how beautiful that legion !
Men with Angels ever bright !
Shining city, aye in Thee
Reigneth full tranquillity,
In Thy borders peace and light.
Dwellers of this city fair,
Garments white of chasteness wear ;
In one household of sweet love,
One unbroken circle move.
Naught of darkness, naught of care,
Grief, temptation, haunteth there :
Free from sickness, ever blest,
Theirs of every good the best.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

ANTIPHONA AD NOCTURNOS.

I N midst of life
We are in death ;
From whom may succour be,
O Lord, save Thee,
Whose anger just our sins remembereth ?

Yet, Holy Lord,
Holy and mighty ever,
Holy and full of grace,
Redeemer of our race,
To bitter death do not our souls deliver.

ANONYMOUS.

[Eleventh Century.]

ST. JOHN EVANGELIST.

[“ Verbum Dei, Deo natum.”]

WORD of God, begotten Son,
Uncreate, eternal one,
Coming from the bliss above,
John beheld Him, and revealed,
And to mortal minds unsealed,
That deep mystery of love.

’Midst the primal rivers, fed
From the Truth’s own fountain-head
That quick-leaping spirit flowed ;
For the world the nectar gave,
Drawn from out the crystal wave,
Gushing by the throne of God.

Heaven he trod, undazzled gazed
Where the true sun’s axle blazed ;
Seer of unearthly things ;
And the face of God he saw,
As the seraphs look in awe
Underneath their shading wings.

ST. JOHN EVANGELIST.

Heard he, round the eternal seat,
All the Elders chaunting sweet
 The new song to harps divine ;
And on earthly city's gold
Stamped he with the heavenly mould,
 Signet of the Blessed Trine.

Bird of God, with boundless flight
Soaring from beyond the height
 Of the bard or prophet old ;
Truth fulfilled and truth to be,
Never purer mystery
 Did a purer tongue unfold.

In His robe of blood-red dyes,
Seen, yet hid from human eyes :
 To His palace Christ withdrew :
Heavenly comfort to bestow
On His weeping Bride below,
 Lo ! the prophet eagle flew.

Say, beloved one, how fair
Our Beloved is ; declare
 His glad message to His Bride ;

ST. JOHN EVANGELIST.

Say what food the angels taste,
How the sons of heaven feast
In that presence glorified.

Give us of the living bread,
Supper which thy spirit fed,
Leaning on the Saviour's breast ;
That with thee the endless Psalm,
Near the throne, before the Lamb,
We may sing in heaven blest.

1860.

ANONYMOUS.

[Thirteenth Century.]

ALTITUDO, QUID HIC JACES?

H EIGHT of heaven, why art Thou lying
Cradled in a stable base?

Maker of the starry torches,

Hides a manger cold Thy face?

Oh, what marvels hast Thou lavished,

Jesu, upon sinful men!

Exiles from the bliss of Eden,

Yet Thy heart hath loved again.

Might divine becometh weakness;

Infinite a babe could be;

In a mortal womb imprisoned,

Born—behold Eternity!

Oh, what marvels hast Thou lavished,

Jesu, upon sinful men!

Exiles from the bliss of Eden,

Yet Thy heart hath loved again.

Thou with childish lips wast clinging

To the stainless Virgin's breast;

ALTITUDO, QUID HIC FACES?

Tear-drops from Thine eyes were springing,
Thou, the joy of heaven blest !
Oh, what marvels hast Thou lavished,
Jesu, upon sinful men !
Exiles from the bliss of Eden,
Yet Thy heart hath loved again.

1859.

ANONYMOUS.

[Fourteenth Century.]

PARVUM QUANDO CERNO DEUM.

WHEN within His mother's arms
I the infant God behold,
All my heart the vision warms
With a blessedness untold.

Leaps He, mother ! leaps the Boy,
Gazing at thy holy breast !
Kisses with a smile of joy,
Thousand kisses, fondly prest !

As upon the stainless skies
Peaceful hangs the new-born sun,
So upon thy bosom lies,
Mother pure, thy Holy One.

Ah ! how lovely that repose !
Mother with the Infant fair,
Twined as with the tender rose,
Violet and lily are.

PARVUM QUANDO CERNO DEUM.

Many a silent clasp of bliss,
Many a look of smiling love,
As the flowers the meadow kiss,
As the starry eyes above.

Oh ! if one such loving dart,
Falling on that mother mild,
May but fall within my heart,
Infant Jesu, Holy Child !

1859.

ANONYMOUS.

[Fourteenth Century.]

PONE LUCTUM MAGDALENA !

STILL thy sorrow, Magdalena !
Wipe the tear-drops from thine eyes ;
Not at Simon's board thou kneelest,
Pouring thy repentant sighs :
All with thy glad heart rejoices ;
All things sing with happy voices :
Hallelujah !

Laugh with rapture, Magdalena !
Be thy drooping forehead bright ;
Banished now is every anguish,
Breaks anew thy morning light ;
Christ from death the world hath freed ;
He is risen, is risen indeed :
Hallelujah !

Joy ! exult, O Magdalena !
He hath burst the rocky prison ;
Ended are the days of darkness ;
Conqueror hath He arisen.

PONE LUCTUM MAGDALENA.

Mourn no more the Christ departed ;
Run to welcome Him, glad-hearted :
Hallelujah !

Lift thine eyes, O Magdalena !
See ! thy living Master stands ;
See His face, as ever, smiling ;
See those wounds upon His hands,
On His feet, His sacred side,—
Gems that deck the Glorified :
Hallelujah !

Live, now live, O Magdalena !
Shining is thy new-born day ;
Let thy bosom pant with pleasure,
Death's poor terror flee away ;
Far from thee the tears of sadness,
Welcome love, and welcome gladness !
Hallelujah !

1859.

ANONYMOUS.

[Fourteenth Century.]

O ! QUANTA, QUALIA SUNT ILLA
SABBATA.

HOW great, how beautiful that Sabbath rest,
Kept in the court eternal of the blest !
Repose for weary souls ! for brave reward !
For there our All in all shall be the Lord.

What King ! what holy court ! what palace
fair !

What peace ! what solace ! what rejoicing
there !

Ye glorious dwellers ! your own joy reveal,
If ye can utter all your spirits feel.

The true Jerusalem ! that state above !
Whose peace unending is our highest love ;
Where longing hope cannot true joy forerun ;
Where perfect happiness and hope are one !

There shall our sorrowings forever cease,
And Sion's lofty songs we sing in peace ;

OI QUANTA, QUALIA SUNT ILLA SABBATA.

Thy happy people, Lord, before Thy face,
Pay gracious offerings for Thy gifts of grace.

There still a Sabbath new on Sabbath rolls,
An endless holy day of holy souls,
That chant ineffable, rise evermore,
Which saints in glory with the angels pour.

Thither we lift, O God, our waiting eyes ;
And see our fatherland in hope arise,
Homeward from Babylon we fondly yearn,
After long, weary exile to return.

1860.

ANONYMOUS.

[Fourteenth Century.]

AVE ROSA SPINIS PUNCTA.

HAIL, O Rose, transpierced with thorns,
Hail, O thorn the rose adorns !
Not for sin, but for our cure,
Didst Thou, Lord, these thorns endure.

Hail, O Rose, with thorn-prints cloven !
Hail, O thorn, with roses woven !
Grace divine, that passeth knowing,
Gifts of life thro' thorn bestowing
In the pity of our Lord.

ANONYMOUS.
[Fifteenth Century.]

IN NATALI DOMINI.

ON the birthday of the Lord
Angel hosts with one accord
Chaunt with joy before the throne ;
Glory to one God alone.
The Virgin bore the eternal Word :
The Virgin bore the Christ adored,
The Virgin ever stainless.

Born is our Emmanuel ;
Gabriel did the day foretell ;
Prophets hailed the dawning sun,
Him, the sole begotten one.
The Virgin bore the eternal Word :
The Virgin bore the Christ adored,
The Virgin ever stainless.

Lo ! a seraph tells the tale :
Shepherds glad in hill and dale
Sing the holy Saviour's birth,
Sweetest tidings for the earth.

IN NATALI DOMINI.

The Virgin bore the eternal Word :
The Virgin bore the Christ adored,
The Virgin ever stainless.

Hail to-day the happy morn,
Hail the Son from Mary born,
Born of God's o'ershadowing might,
God of God and light of light.
The Virgin bore the eternal Word :
The Virgin bore the Christ adored,
The Virgin ever stainless.

See the Eastern kings adore,
Gold and myrrh and incense pour,
Bending to the Eternal King,
Glory to our God they sing.
The Virgin bore the eternal Word :
The Virgin bore the Christ adored,
The Virgin ever stainless.

ANONYMOUS.

[Sixteenth Century.]

CUM ME TENENT FALLACIÂ.

WHEN fleeting earth with pleasures vain
Hath bound my soul to heavy chain,
In heaven the angel bright, who keeps
His sleepless watch, beholds and weeps.

But when my sorrowing tears I pour,
And all my sins to God deplore,
Then smiles with joy the angel fair,
Whose heart is touched with all my care.

Away, deceitful world ! away !
Ye shadowy joys, no longer stay !
Come, tears of grief, and ceaseless flow,
To wash my sin, to tell my woe.

O let me not in reckless years,
Still cause those holy angels tears ;
But while I mourn with sorrow true,
Ever those angel smiles renew.

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